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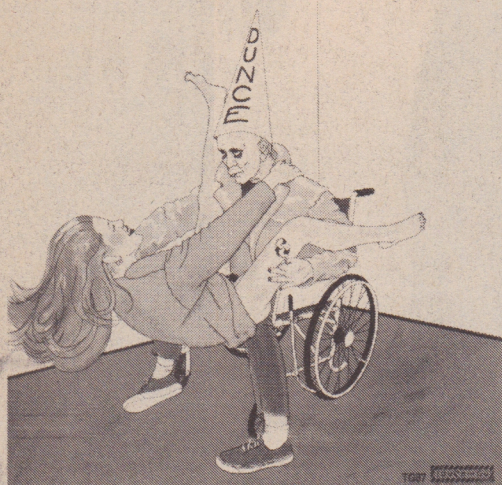


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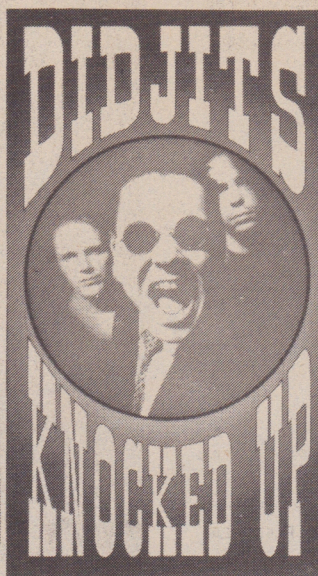


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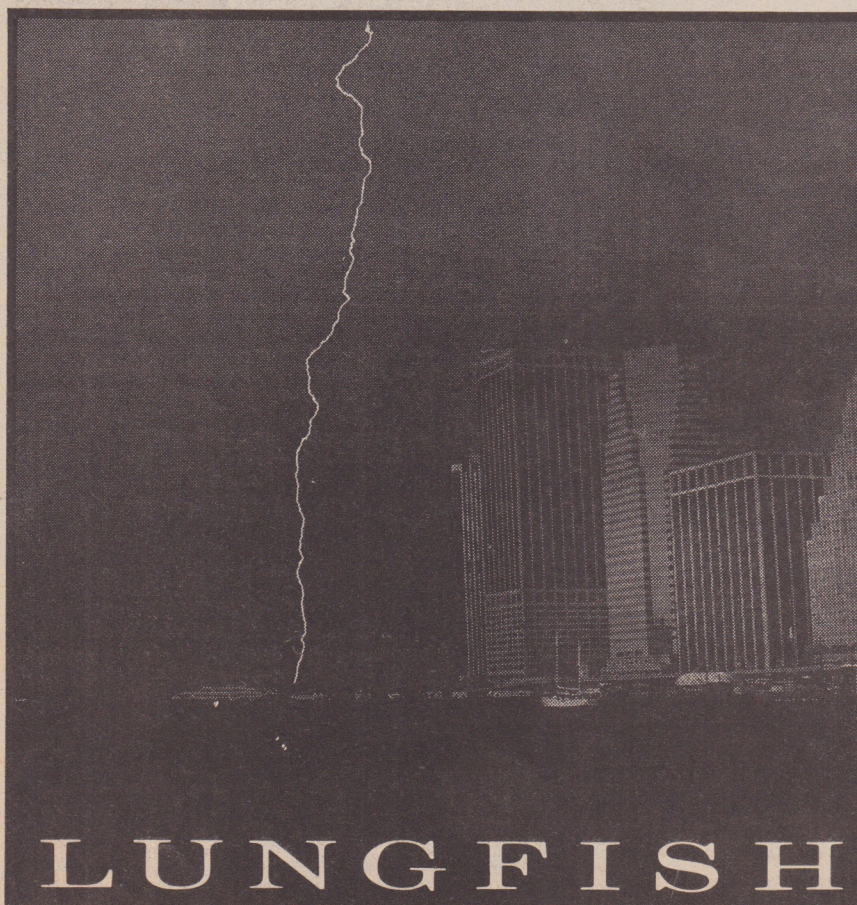
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BEN IS DEAD

JUNE / JULY 1992

ISSUE NO. 19

KERIN MORATAYA	PLAYED FIREWOMAN
DARBY	SKIPPED TOWN
MIKKI HALPIN	WAITED IT OUT
DON LEWIS	SNAPPED
CLIFF THURBER	LOOKED GOOD
EVAN MACK	PLAYED TOURIST
SHELBY HOLGUIN	CONSULTED THE PLANETS
ANNABELLE PORT	RAN HOME TO MOMMY
DAVE GOMEZ	WENT FISHIN
JEN ERIC	DID HOMEWORK
KRK	PARTICIPANT
I.P. FREELY	WE NEVER KNOW
ETHAN PORT	WATCHED PLAYBOY CHANNEL INSTEAD

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Cover photo: Don Lewis

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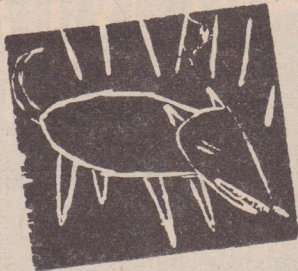
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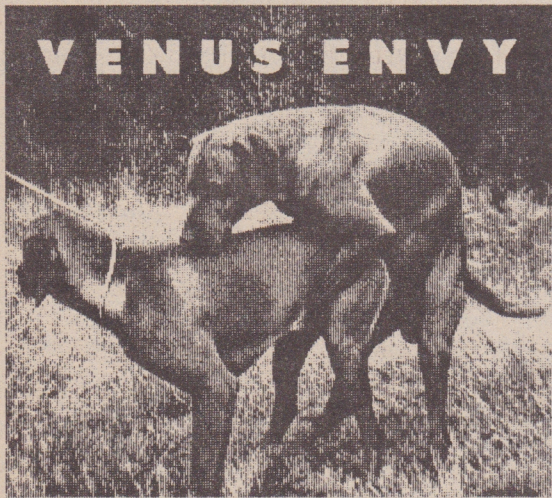
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EDITORIAL

Sometimes you're just not in the mood for sex – and in most cases it's better not to force it. Considering the major events that have occurred in our little home town recently, we felt it best to postpone our anticipated "SEX" issue. They even said on the news that people eat less, have sleeping problems, and are less interested in sex after riots, so you know it's true. And we might as well milk this "riot as an excuse" thing for all it's worth.

The sex issue will come out in August; anticipation is half the fun. In the meantime...

I know what you're going to be thinking when you read this – but this is NOT the "riot" issue. This is our "themeless" issue. Much of this issue was inspired by what occurred last month though, and unfortunately, because we started this a month ago, and because we're an "alternative" magazine that doesn't have the resources to produce when necessary (I'll talk more about that later), this all may appear a bit dated. I imagine in a year from now, looking back, it will seem a lot more topical than it actually is.

Once again, I find myself wondering during the last two weeks before printing, why in the hell I am wasting all my time and money and losing all my friends over this stupid little magazine. Still I continue to put more into this to keep it alive. We've gotten a scanner and another computer system. We will now be distributed by Tower throughout the U.S. And we will be making a long journey to the New Music Seminar to talk on Jonathan (Sup Pop) Poneman's panel on "Reinventing Alternative." Hopefully I'll learn something. Hopefully we're not going to sit around and talk about Nirvana all day.

When I started this magazine, I always thought being alternative was not "selling out" – which meant not dealing with the major labels, major label bands, major promoters, and not doing it for the money. So by not making any money you could prove your dedication to the alternative scene; by losing money you were an inspiration. There's a fine line between being successful and selling out. You have to work hard (like Fugazi) to keep up a good image if you succeed in this scene. Of course they show it can be done, but don't we all wonder what kind of money they make off all those albums they sell?

Living in Los Angeles, surrounded by a million and one alternative-type bands, I see that a majority of them work for the major corporations. That's their day job. Now I don't know if it's just the mixing of business and pleasure that people take offense to, but which is less alternative: a person making money off playing in a band that's on a major, or making a living by working for a major? How many generations back should you check to see exactly where your money has come from? You can only imagine it's been in some pretty horrible places.

I don't know where Ben Is Dead can go from here. In order to stay "alternative" we can't grow much more. You publish a paper with 80 pages, 16,000 copies, you give most of them away free, and then you have to keep your ad prices low enough so that the "alternative" businesses can afford to advertise. These are some of the things I'm juggling: circulation and distribution (free or for sale?), staff (or employees?), a hobby or a fucking business (the government is going to decide that one for me this year). It seems "alternative" can be a great facade for failure. Actually, I've only been trying to turn this into a "business" for a year, but if we're going to have any room for growth all I can say is that the "mainstream" better come up with the dough. Give me your major label ads! That's the only way we're going to be able to keep the ads cheap for the "alternative" scene. And we'll just have to hope and pray that we don't turn into a press-kit-regurgitating "Alternative Press" with XTC or the Cure, or any band for that matter, on our cover! The more I think about it, the more I believe you do have to play their game to invade their game. To quote Al Flipside "Don't think of it as selling out, think of it as sneaking in." But you can get sucked into the "mainstream" without even realizing it. Is there enough room to grow within the boundaries of the "alternative" framework? Can we outgrow the trap of "alternative"?

Darby

P.S. Extra special thanks to Sharron Ebling. Without her participation (she distributes all of Orange County), awesome dedication (she got caught one to many times making BID half-tones at her work [scanner inspiration]), and just plain stupidity (the first time I met her she handed me \$20 to help with the magazine costs [how fucking alternative!]) Ben Is Dead would have never survived this long.

IT TAKES THE SAME AMOUNT OF ENERGY TO PUT OUT A GOOD ISSUE AS IT DOES TO PUT OUT A CRAPY ONE.

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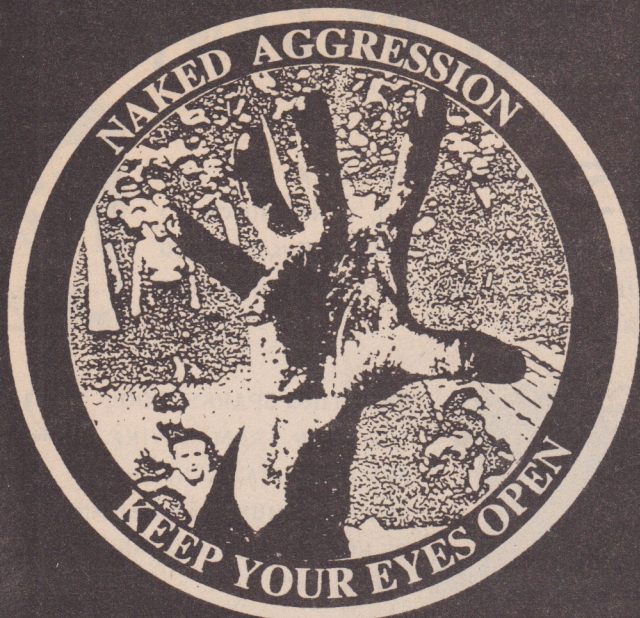
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BEN IS DEAD 7



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SHOW REVIEWS

MELVINS

RAJI'S, WINTER'S, CELEBRITY THEATRE, NEW CLUB ON THE BLOCK

The grandfathers of all that hair-rock you underground hipsters have grown to accept and worship, the freaks that paved the path for any band playing slower than DRI (we're talking 1984!), and to top it all, one of the few bands currently touring/recording that are getting weirder, wilder, and just plain better. Completely un-compromising.

So, to me, spending four nights in a row watching the Melvins hammer away was like a *déjà vu* of the first time I heard a punk record or saw a punk band. Turning point moments in my tweaked childhood, no doubt. But the Melvins to me, reawaken those gut-wrenching moments. The Melvins are the rumbling roar of rebellion. How they remain unnoticed and undercredited is beyond me.

Anyone at any of these four shows could not have walked away blank in expression, not with all the new amps and speakers. Not after Joe grew that beard. Not after all the previous tours. I just don't see it. But hey, people are like that. Trendy as fuck. Any Sub Pop or AM Rep band will do. Rarely do people ever fully dig deep into discovery. Oh well. But the Melvins remain the underdog. Maybe that's why their bite is much more angry and bitter than the rest. —KRK

DANCES SACRED AND PROFANE HIGHWAYS

Over the weekend a series of performances and workshops was held at Highways, with the aim of connecting body consciousness to spirituality. I arrived on the last night of performances.

First up was Victoria Baker, who was strapped into a leather stirrup suspended from chains in the ceiling, and swung forward and back from the audience while she went into a monologue about



photo: Don Lewis

FUCK! ARTISTS PERFORMING AT HIGHWAYS

her spiritual/sensual history, and how she has come to terms with herself as a lesbian, as a woman, as a human being. Her personal style of delivery made the performance all the more compelling.

Wendell Jones came on next next, dressed in drag, and talked about his arrest at a gay rights rally, using it as a metaphor for his authoritarian upbringing. Although humorous on the surface, the piece had a strong undercurrent of sadness and anger.

A brief intermission followed, then it was time for the Fuck! artists' piece. The lights went down, and a decadent scene of gambling and sexual display unfolded. Enter Ron Athey, who stripped away his robe to reveal his severely

corseted waist. With a riding crop he swept away the filthy, and barked out commands to set himself up for piercing. Crystal and Brian ran a series of needles through folds in his scalp and face, while breathy, hissing sounds started to come from the audience. The dark industrial music intensified, and time seemed to slow down. The piercing complete, Ron next inserted a row of needles down the arms and buttocks of Brian. Cindy then held a pole across her shoulders crucifixion-style and was wrapped in layers of clear and black plastic, while Ron french-kissed her occasionally through a hole torn in the wrapping. She almost fell over on her high heels, and had to be supported by the others. The sense of danger was palpable. Her wrapped body was then placed on a table and covered with burning candles. Ron and Crystal next turned to Byron, gagging and strapping him to sawhorses, and whipping him with strokes ranging from playful and delicate to full-on vicious. The hard

strokes brought out genuine screams of pain as Byron's face went red and drool streamed from his mouthpiece. Ron leaned forward occasionally to make sure everything was OK before proceeding. The whipping then subsided along with the music as participants went about the business of removing needles, undoing ropes and tape, etc. The only sound was the continuous hissing of breath from the audience. Finally, Ron said "Thank you", and that was it.

Event coordinator Doug Sadownick next opened the floor for comments from the audience. A married woman with two children (not present) complained about a part in Wendell's piece where he bashed an effigy of a heterosexual couple ("breeders" he called them) with a baseball bat. To

"As KING SEXUALLY CYRATED (DURING THE BEATING), A MIXTURE OF FEAR AND OFFENSE OVERCAME MELAINE (CHP OFFICER PRESENT DURING THE BEATING). THE FEAR WAS OF A MANDINGO SEXUAL ENCOUNTER." —STACY KOON

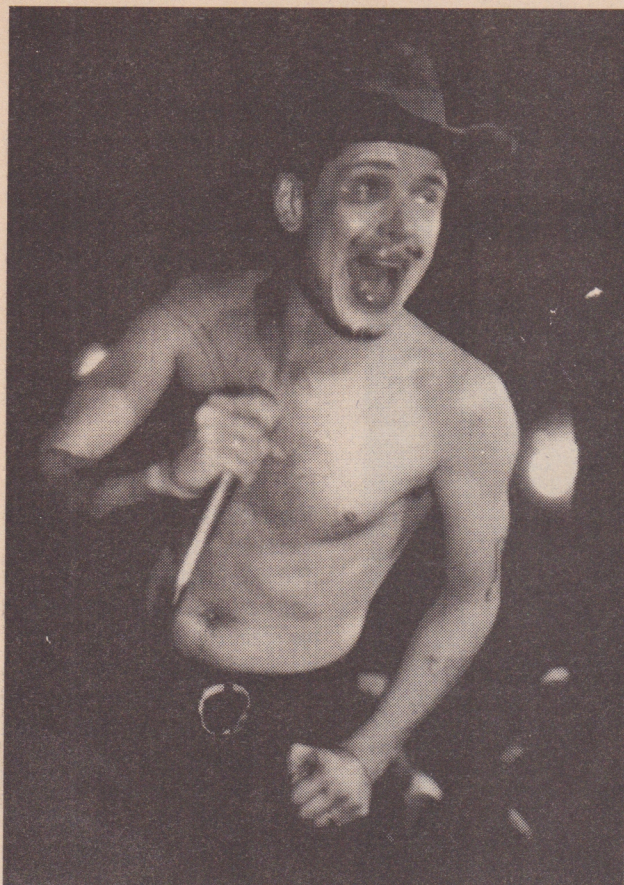


photo: Don Lewis

THE COWS FRONTMAN AIN'T NO HICK.

her, being violent on stage was not the way to eliminate violence in the world. A lively discussion ensued among audience members, each with widely different points of view, with valid points to make. It was refreshing to hear these opinions in a group context, and if not resolved, at least aired so the healing process could begin. I was impressed by the articulate wisdom of the speakers, each genuine and speaking from the heart. There was a sense of community.

To end the weekend there was a closing blessing, in which we all took deep breaths and said whatever we wanted as we exhaled, then another breath and a tone for ourselves, then a third breath followed by a tone for those not present. This was a cleansing, refreshing journey. —D. Lewis

COWS

BOGART'S, SPANKY'S, JABBERJAW
Standing in front of the stage at Bogart's, the only thing I could do to keep myself from squirming was drink. It was like being ten years old as your dad drives up and down the parking lot at Disneyland, looking for that perfect spot. FUCKING PARK ALREADY GODDAMMIT!!!! FUCK!

The Cows, to any normal civilian, make no fucking sense at all. The mathematical equation

for the Cows you ask? $4 + 4 =$ a lot. The Cows could draw up the blue print for insanity and sell it on Hollywood Blvd. as the "Map to the Stars".

Third time through L.A. and I remain impressed, more so than ever, as the Cows squirm up to the top five bands I'd lend my kid sister to. I'm sure all you alternative hipsters have the records and have seen the gigs. So I'll embarrass myself no more. Long live the Cows. —KRK

STEEL POLE BATH TUB, SLUG

THE WHISKY

A slightly tame show for all bands featured, which was rather odd since it was the first night out after the LA riots '92. I expected to see a little more, uh, release. Most walked in while Slug were trying to get things going. Just the fact that bassist Damion let loose for a moment made it an occasion, and an unfortunate one for those not in attendance.

While the band concentrates on their instruments the singer's got an interesting — to say the least — groove. It gets on my nerves. But that's



photo: David Chowee

THE RATTER TWITCH

good. He looks like a stylish dork. With two bassists and two guitarists, half the fun is watching them bump into each other while the singer does his twitch. It's mono-noise with a slowly evolving personality.

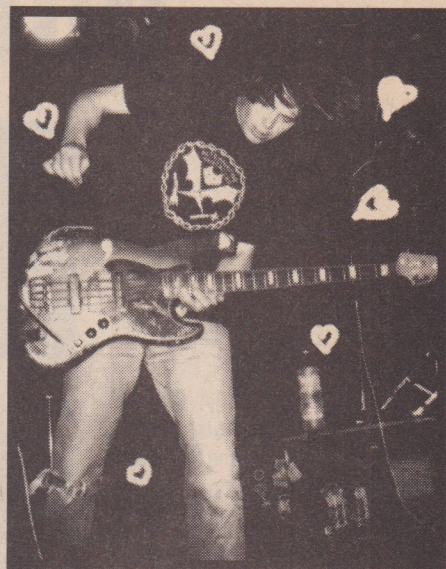


photo: David Chowee

DALE

Somehow I've made it to about seven or eight Steel Pole Bath Tub shows over the past few years. They were one of the first bands Ben Is Dead interviewed (it was a great interview). They've come a long way since that time, when they were still stuck on Marsha Brady and J.G. Ballard's *Crash*. Steel Pole always had the potential for being the band that I could *love*. The feedback and tape loops always got me. The shorts I learned to live with. And Dale's glasses, his moppish hair, and, aahh, that screeching whine, they were things I yearned for. But they kept insisting on metalish guitar droolings and that I could only take so much of. It was painful. I loved them and hated them but would have to see them each time they came to town to confirm all of these feelings. So what did they do this time around? Usually I'm at the front of the stage, but this time I backed off. I played hard to get. And you know, they fell for it. I didn't even watch them play but I LOVED THEM. I didn't even listen to their new album, but they played those new songs for me that night anyway. "Darby, do you hear us? This one's for you, beautiful." Their new songs and their old, balancing each other, creating an aurally zen masterpiece. . . . So, who knows what they'll be like next time. —Darby

SHIVA'S EROTIC BANQUET

LA CASA

Billed to go from 9PM to noon the next day, this rave got off to a slow start and an even quicker end,

probably because of a last-minute change in location. Things started getting rocky when I got the ticket with a list of phone numbers to call, which would give directions. I called the numbers at least a hundred times trying to get through the busy signal, but when I did, I got anything but directions. Two dollars later in phone calls, I drove back to the map point to complain: I've heard of raves being hard to find and that being kind of fun, but this was ridiculous. A lot of other people apparently had the same problem, because someone "official" was scribbling down directions on the back of each card.

That item out of the way, I headed down to La Casa at about 11:00. Equipment was still being set up, Psychic TV hadn't done their sound check, and attendance was sparse. A lot of people arrived later on, though, and the place came alive. PTV burned, with Fred spinning crisp state-of-the-art cybertechnomachine disco that punched holes through the mellow, pastoral passages coming from Alaura's cassette machines. Genesis, gyrating and tossing his long hair like Jim Morrison and wearing a bright psychedelic suit that reminded me of Brian Jones, repeatedly garbled something about "water" as he worked his way into the audience for a bit of "sharing". For a moment he almost duplicated Iggy Stogge's 1969 "Jesus moment" when he walked on people's upraised hands.

Only 45 minutes into their set, Fred announced their would be "a little DJ-ing for a while," which I assumed meant a second PTV set would follow, but no such luck. My fantasy had been a constant dance mix from Fred and Alaura, with Genesis dropping in the occasional stream-of-consciousness rap. Now *that* would have been a happening.

Bored with waiting for something other than lasers, smoke, and the ultimate bass line, I wandered up to the Ambient Room created by Ejaculating Buddhas. A dense, layered drone filled the air as I stumbled through the hot, musty gloom, trying not to step on the prone bodies. EJB did occasional "live" sets through the night, with Dave playing turntables and tapes to Corey's improvised vocals and Rita's dancing. Several audience members, obviously tripping, did a



photo: Don Lewis

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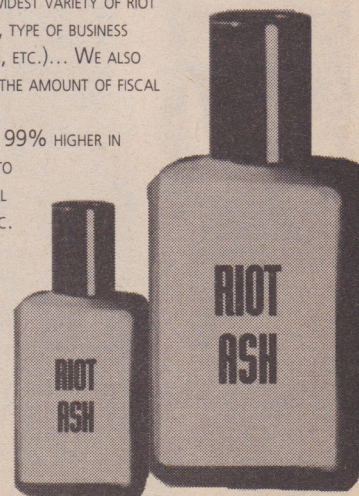
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beauttiffull dance with the light show, combining their bodies to look like a butterfly, or a many-armed god. It went so well with the music that I thought they were part of the band. Corey sang nonstop from 3 until the very end at 7 AM. What a trooper!

Timothy Leary gave a passionate if disjointed speech earlier in the same room, ranting at the audience to "Do whatever the fuck you want!" among other things. "Tell us something we don't know!" someone countered. This dissolved into chants of "Tune in, turn on, drop out!" while Dr. Tim paced the stage, opening his shirt and working up a sweat, trying to spark the people into action as he had in the sixties.

One very '60s thing I noticed was that for an all-night party attended by several thousand people, not one fight broke out. People were downright courteous, even when hundreds were trying to fit through a tiny doorway to the main dancehall. Maybe Leary is right, and the underground *is* coming together. —David Lewis

REIN SANCTION, BLACK ANGEL'S DEATH SONG

JABBERJAW

Hip people from far and near, all in one place to hear Rein Sanction and Black Angel's Death Song. Black Angel, with members from Trashcan School, played a nice set. Varied songs that had a Slint/Codeine sort of feel played hard, soft, fast, slow. They started to jump around on the third song

when the guitarist accidentally unplugged his guitar. Four guys and one girl, to quote their guitarist "That's one foxy bongo player." I forgot to mention their drummer's a great dancer.

After a bit, Rein Sanction took the stage. Three long haired rock and rolling boys equipped with Levi's and stripped t-shirts. Yes, they are another Sub Pop band. Sub Pop calls them a mix between Dinosaur Jr. and Jimi Hendrix and I agree. They played a good and long set. Most of their recorded work was woven though the breaks between songs, which were longer than the songs themselves (they had problems tuning their instruments). Each member was talented even though the set seemed a lot more eclectic than their recorded work. Hard to believe, despite Jabberjaw's new super hifi sound system. They just recorded their next album, so keep your eyes peeled. —David

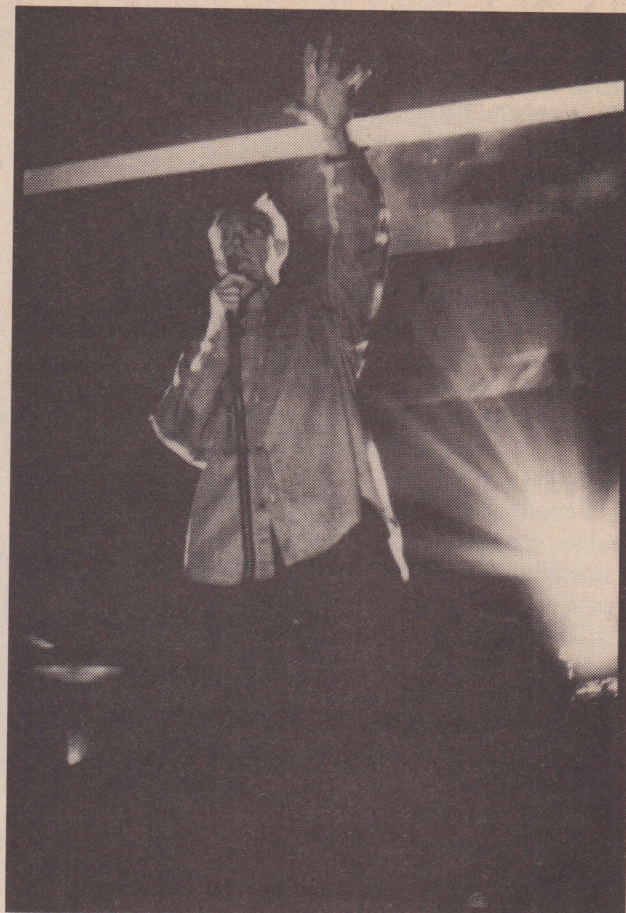


photo: Don Lewis

DR. TIMOTHY LEARY AT SHRIVA'S EROTIC BANQUET



photo: Don Lewis

GERARDO AT CLUB FUCK!

GERARDO VELASQUEZ, 1958-1992

Gerardo Velasquez, founder of Nervous Gender, died on March 28 from AIDS. He was 33. His band was part of the first generation of L.A. Punk bands in the 70s, and was one of the first to solely use synthesizers instead of guitars. A lot of the band's material dealt with sex, religion, guilt and alienation. Phranc got her start with the band.

Nervous Gender played only sporadically during the '80s, while Gerardo earned a Master of Fine Arts degree at Cal State L.A. At one point, he was accepted to Cal Arts to complete his studies, but had to refuse for health and economic reasons. The '90s saw the band making a comeback, with original member Michael Ochoa and Joe Zinnato as programmers (they were no longer "synthesizer players"). However, Gerardo's failing health prevented them from playing more than the occasional gig at places like Fuck! and the Detour.

Gerardo was active until the day of his death, and was at home with family and close friends when he passed away.

GERARDO: SOME PERSONAL THOUGHTS by Don Lewis

I didn't know him. I spoke probably six sentences to him in the twelve years I was aware of his existence. I first saw him in 1981 at Al's Bar. It was a Nervous Gender show with Don Bolles on drums, and the intensity of Gerardo's anger was frightening. He didn't seem like a person I'd want to know.

Still his extreme stance fascinated me, and I thought about inviting him over for a photo session to get to know him through the camera. For some reason though, I never got around to asking him. When I finally did last year he agreed to it, but still I dragged my feet, and finally as it became apparent he was dying, I decide not to because it felt ghoulish.

I always felt Gerardo had a lot more to offer than he showed, and that Nervous Gender could have gone a lot further, even though Kristine McKenna of the *L.A. Times* called them "the thorn in the side of the L.A. music scene...", which I interpret as high praise. Who knows what other projects he had going that remain unfulfilled? It makes me sad and angry to see someone not reach their potential. It reminds me that we have so few years in which to accomplish anything.

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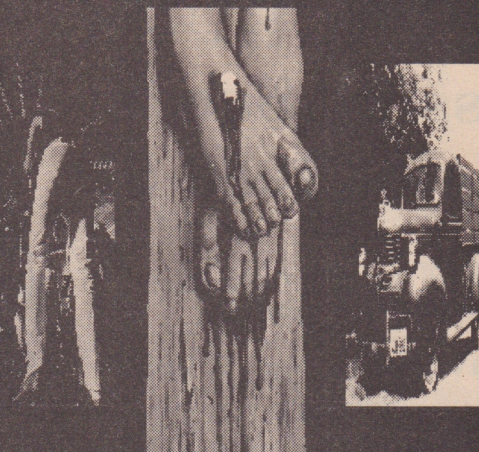


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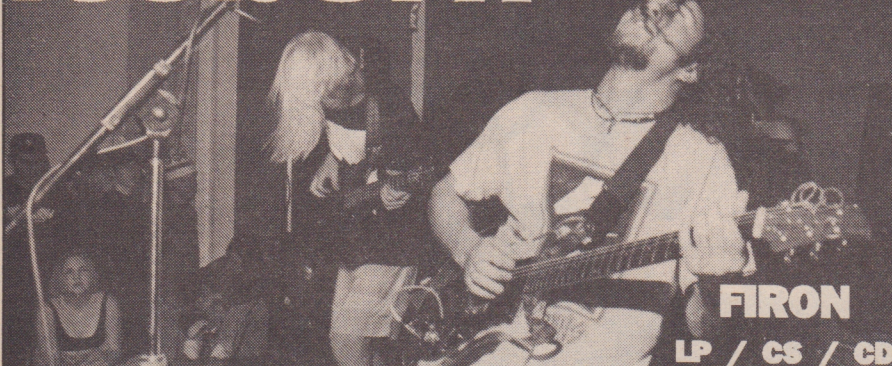
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Grasping Reality: Dubin on the Uprising

Not owning a television, my experience of the riots was quite different from everyone else's. This separate reality, which many of my friends view as some sort of a social disability, in some ways delayed my reaction to events which are inevitably read through a haze of corporate, consumerist programming (and no matter how "loose" or "live" the coverage you saw seemed to be, don't

ever think that it wasn't still controlled and formatted by the very structure of television, from the boardroom to the news van; if you believe TV has any space for oppositional thinking as it currently operates, ask yourself why these same newscasters, who were so shocked and horrified and suddenly expressing their non-objective human status over the airwaves, didn't feel the need to vent such outrage over our recent invasions in Central America and the Middle East).

What I did during the riots, as my roommate gathered our valuables and mourned our lack of firepower, was listen to the radio. KCRW did what they usually do in times of crisis, a basically parasitic feed of various television signals, including CNN. Though this was occasionally productive (for one thing, it gave me some common ground to talk to my TV-addicted friends), it often, like the television coverage itself, produced a higher sense of terror than really necessary, because television coverage feeds voraciously on the event. And when there is no event for it to eat, it dies. Television will show you looting footage over and over again; it won't show you how Bush refused to meet with Diane Watson. It won't show you how many people in South Central, days after the riots were over, were still without power and unaware that a curfew was in place. Why, during the riots, didn't one commentator or broadcaster invite the participants onto the airwaves? Why did they feel so... safe?

In our visual culture, with television as the oppressive generator of images, certain scenes quickly became codified as representative of the uprising.

I didn't, and still haven't, seen the beating of Reginald Denny; I have seen the ABC Market, the corner of Santa Monica and Western, and other



photo: Don Léwis

sites of devastation, but only in the days following the uprising, and not in the live, visceral identification that it seems nearly everyone else had. Some of these images have become riot icons, something everyone has seen, a basis for shared experience in our intentionally fragmented world. By creating, controlling, and repeating these very vivid photo-opportunities, and not disseminating opposing images, television produced a structured vision of the riot as a dark beast out of control, thereby paving the way for a parade of praise when the government rebuilding and renewal program began, and side-stepping a critical examination of what this new instrument of surveillance and state incursion into the community may portend.

All this is by way of introducing Corey Dubin, the producer of Coyote Radio, a political program of Pacifica Radio, and a contributor to Covert Action Bulletin, among other publications. Thanks to Darby for once again saving my ass on this one.—Mikki

Darby: What are some of the things you've been specifically covering on the uprising?

Corey Dubin: It's still very unclear as to what actually happened during those few days, or what is happening now. We are trying to monitor the so-called "rebuilding," see what the INS and FEMA are doing. Being aware of the process and demonstrating how it works.

Is there a conspiracy theory yet for the LA events...?

But I don't really look at it as conspiracy, I think it's important to understand... a lot of people get lost in these wild conspiracy theories. What's important to understand is how the government operates day to day, and how covert operations

and covert action is a part of their day to day operations, both overseas and domestic... So for me, that doesn't really constitute conspiracy. It's the daily operation of the government.

It's reality. I think people get lost in this dead-end called conspiracy. It's important to understand covert action, the FBI, and counter intelligence programs, and injustices like the cases of Leonard Peltier

and Geronimo Pratt. It's important to understand how they connect. One of the things that you have in LA is the Federal Emergency Management Agency, FEMA. And they're spearheading the federal effort in Los Angeles. In the mid 1980's, FEMA was being used much more in relation to the Contra war and direct intervention in Nicaragua. So, I think it's important to understand all these connections but I tend to shy away from the term "conspiracy" because it doesn't really describe what we have.

You're making a connection between the Peltier case and the situation in Los Angeles. Could you be more clear about that?

A number of my friends, Lakota and Dakota people from Pine Ridge, about the third day into the rebellion were saying things like, "Hey man, looks like Pine Ridge." And I think there's important things to look at there. Pine Ridge—there was an incident in which the federal government deployed armored personnel carriers, like tanks. It was pretty heavy. One of the culminating events was a shoot out that left two FBI agents dead and Leonard Peltier is serving two consecutive life sentences for a crime he plainly didn't commit. When you talk about Pine Ridge, you talk about the FBI's counter intelligence program called CoIntelPro... This is a program that often comes up in FBI records along with words like "destabilize," "infiltrate," and "Black extremist." From the beginning (of the riots) in South Central, we had consistent reports by numerous eyewitnesses of groups of four to six unmarked tinted glass cars in South Central and other communities.

Wait, you said this was during...?

It started on Wednesday evening. Thursday, Fri-

day... the reports on what these cars were doing varied greatly. But there were some consistent reports about people believing there was a relationship between those vehicles and some of the fires. And then while that's going on in South Central, we have the deployment of INS in the Latino and immigrant communities and giant sweeps are undertaken. We believe those sweeps were undertaken under the cover of deploying the INS as part of the anti-riots effort. But they created such an atmosphere of terror in the Latino and immigrant communities. They blocked off some areas and went house to house. And many many people were picked up. City Councilman Mike Hernandez, whose district a lot of that area is in, said that basically they made Latinos suffer as a class. They picked them up because they were Latinos. And I think it's really important to see how on the third day, Chief Gates said that it looks like a lot of the looting and rioting was done by the Latinos. You had news reporters saying, yeah it looks like out here a lot of Latinos are doing the looting. I mean, they were scapegoated and targeted. And the terror that was created, in those immigrant communities especially, has really been quite amazing. If you look at it, it's not hard to wonder if this is not a new version of counterintelligence by the FBI or the INS. The INS operating jointly with the police department, and in 1985 the city council had instructed the police department not to cooperate with the INS.

How do they get away with it?

Special Rule #40, which was reaffirmed in a lawsuit filed against the LAPD about a year and a half ago, reinstructs them not to cooperate. LAPD said this was a crisis, not a normal situation, and it called for different modes of operation.

And then they can make up their own laws, and change their own laws..., like when all the people had to go to court they were able to detain them for a longer period because it was an emergency?

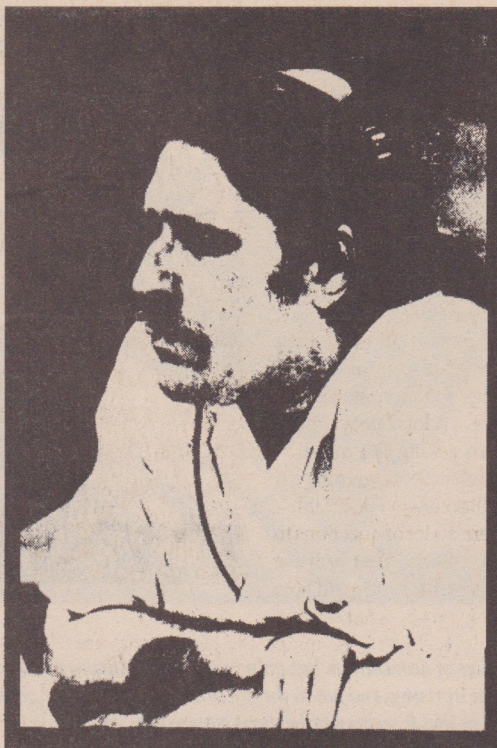
Right. I leave it to your readers to think about what that leaves open for the potential of a situation like that. How far can they go? Where is that barrier that they're not supposed to cross into civil liberties?

Many of those people were charged with a felony. Would a lot of those charges have been misdemeanors in normal circumstances?

According to Carol Watson of the National Lawyers Guild, in a lot of cases people were pleading guilty just to get processed in the system. Judges were saying "Plead guilty. No big deal. We'll process you, you'll be fined, no time served. If you plead 'not guilty', who knows how long it will continue..." They said that a lot of the felonies that people pleaded guilty to or even the misdemeanors would never have held up in a normal situation. And people were pleading guilty to get out of the system when they really didn't even have a chance. One of the things that changed

when the government federalized the situation and it was taken over by the National Guard, things became federal crimes rather than local crimes.

And now these people with felonies, do they lose their voting rights?



I'm not sure how it's working out at that level. I'm not a lawyer, but it's clear that people's civil rights were being violated in terms of due process, in terms of access to attorneys, in terms of pleading guilty when they really didn't have a case against them. I think all of those things are violations of civil liberties. The question is did that situation warrant that? The Lawyers Guild told us, as did the local ACLU, that they did not think that the situation was nearly bad enough to warrant those kinds of rights violations. This wasn't warranted, and I think I pretty much agree with them.

Going back to these tinted cars, I mean, there are a lot of rumors about other things that went on...

A lot of rumors, a lot of eyewitnesses, but nothing hammered down. A lot of people still looking, a lot of people asking questions.

Have you heard or do you have any comments on cops doing drive by shootings?

I've heard nothing to that effect. There was one unconfirmed report of a drive by shooting involving one of those vehicles, but it remains completely unconfirmed. I think that for many of us there have been enough comments made about these vehicles to indicate that something was going on. What that was is not clear.

One other rumor was about picking up gang members and dropping them off in enemy territory.

I have not heard that. That's not to say it didn't happen, but I am unaware of it.

Much of the outcry for the National Guard and a beefed-up police response was due to rumors that the uprising was gang orchestrated, planned from the minute the verdict came down.

That's patently absurd. The whole community was outraged and responding. Certainly the gangs had a part, and were involved in that reaction. But to reduce it to "illegals" like Chief Gates did, or whatever you want to say, I think it's problematic. I think one has to look also at looting as not just something people are out there doing... There's a social context. We heard comments from people on the streets saying, "You know Charles Keating looted millions and the federal government defended him. So what are the standards?" I think it's important to consider where people were at. I think in terms of gang involvement, who knows what the levels of involvement were? I know they are working out a truce in many many ways, and I think that is much more important than what their involvement was in the riots. I think that's a positive change in the community that relates to consciousness building... They are talking about issues in a new way, and they're looking at their community in a different way than they have been. I think that's an improvement... It is important to provide coverage of what they're doing.

I wanted to ask something about the L.A. Four trial. In the media, they are continuously bringing up that they're gang members. And then, I don't know if this is true or not, somebody mentioned that when the police were on trial, their possible membership in white supremacist organizations was suppressed.

Yeah, we've had plenty of inside reports about racism and bigotry in the Foothill division. You look at police officers beating human beings senseless, an African-American, and they end up walking. And four men from South Central beat someone senseless, a white person, and the D.A. is asking for life. I think if you want to ask questions, and you're living in South Central or El Monte, and you're looking at the justice system right now, if there's any sense of fairness or equal protection, how can you find it? It doesn't seem to be there. The justice system is not operating for people of color. And I think that's been the message. And they've taken it even farther in attempting to scapegoat and target certain communities. So I think it's clear, in this point in our history, that the justice system is operating completely skewed. And that's been the message. And it's clear that it's a message that a lot of people don't want to hear in this society. But we're going to be hearing more about it I think this year.

Is there any basis for comparing the two beatings, the King beating and the Denny beating, as has inevitably happened?

No, because the police are backed up by the state and that changes everything. The police have the power of the state behind them. The four men at the corner did not.

Some groups are calling for complete amnesty in all riot related crimes, including the beating of Reginald Denny. Do you think that's a valid

"I THINK WE DID A VERY CREDIBLE JOB, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THAT ONE LOCATION (WHERE DENNY WAS ATTACKED)" —DARYL GATES

proposition?

Tough question. I think that the action that I saw in the footage.... Look, we have two situations. Rodney King: cops going way out of reality, beating him senseless. A lot of racism involved, a lot of bigotry. We got a view of what the day to day reality is for people in South Central, for people at Pico Union, people of the immigrant community. And that's an issue that is outrageous and it relates to the racism that is systemic in society, bigotry, and how police look at their role in our community, and how they look at the very people who reside in the community. And it's fundamentally different from the authority of the state. What happened at the corner, if the footage says anything, things were done which shouldn't have been done. That's clear. I don't think that someone can say that was righteous violence. It didn't seem like it to me. I myself don't see anything to support that kind of unwarranted, undifferentiated attack. I guess some people are saying there should be amnesty across the board. I don't know about that. I know those four police officers should be doing time, lots of time. But it's not even just them, it's the whole system that's so out of whack. There's so much bigotry and racism across the board. You could add homophobia and sexism, and you've got a police department that's so far removed from what's going on in the streets that these kinds of situations will continue to happen. And I think that has to be dealt with upfront. That's the prime issue. Whatever happened on



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the corner isn't even in the park with what happened to Rodney King. You have state authority running amok against people of color. That's the issue. That's the core issue. The other incidents were people committing acts of violence that a lot of people would probably agree were out of whack. It didn't really have much to do with responding to what was happening, if that makes any sense.

I keep wanting to ask you, as you're saying this, what you think the solution is?

Well, that of course is the hardest question. You

know there's all these clichés about this being a "wake-up call", which is getting really old, but clearly the society got an inside view all of a sudden of what day-to-day life is, not just on the streets of Los Angeles, but in Houston, New York, Boston, Atlanta, Miami, Chicago, Detroit, Las Vegas. And I think the nation has to respond rather seriously and carefully. And not just sort of throw some dollars at it, get some big corporation in there, but a real kind of far-reaching look at how the communities operate, how the community is policed, the economic structure... A lot of people have been asking the question *should we be rebuilding LA in the old way?* And I think there's a lot of questions to that effect. What is it we want in the future and how do we draft what's going on in real ways that empower people, that empower communities? That change the relationship of authority to the people? And I think those are the fundamental issues. I think the gang truce is like a first step from their perspective, and you know, rebuilding the community. I think a lot of that is going on. There's been a lot of ignorance about what's happening: outright denial, ignoring it, to constantly looking the other way, if you live on the west side, or up in the hills. And I think people have got to realize summer is coming, and it could be a very, very intense summer. People are to the wall, all over the country. Services are being cut and taken away from them. Education, healthcare, food and nutrition. And I think what happened in Los Angeles was people, the young, the poor, saying they are really pissed off about this... *Wake up out there* and see what's going on. So I think the solution has to be really far reaching.

The way you speak is pretty positive. You seem positive that things can change for the better. What did they do wrong after the Watts Riot and what are the things that are going to come into play that may help change LA? With Gates leaving and Willie Williams coming in, is that going to be something to look forward to? Well, I celebrate the departure of Chief Gates, whenever it is he leaves. That's a positive move, any way you look at it. A chief with a commitment to a bigoted, narrow kind of view, in a city that is the largest Latin American city outside of Latin America, the second largest Latin city in the hemisphere next to Mexico City. It has one of the largest urban American-Indian populations, a huge African-American population. L.A. is a city that has changed drastically, and the police chief

"YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE CHANGE. IT IS POSSIBLE TO HAVE CHANGE. BUT PEOPLE REALIZE THE ENORMITY OF THE TASK, AND THEY KNOW IT'S AN UPHILL FIGHT. THERE SEEMS TO BE A REAL STRONG COMMITMENT OUT THERE TO RETHINK WHETHER OR NOT THAT WILL HAPPEN, AND I THINK THAT IT WILL DEPEND UPON WHETHER OR NOT THE REST OF THE NATION GOES TO SLEEP. IT'S GOING TO BE A HARD SUMMER TO GO TO SLEEP."

has not changed at all. So, the removal of Chief Gates, and the retiring of others is a positive sign in and of itself. What will Chief Williams be able to do is a good question. I sense a lot of optimism in the press coverage. It's like we all want to give him a chance. I think he's got a really difficult job. I've heard good things of him in Philadelphia.... Clearly we need someone who is strong, who will stand up on questions of violence. But I think we've got to go beyond Chief Williams and building a relationship with Chief Williams' department. It's much more about rethinking the departments view of the city. I think Williams has a chance to certainly make improvements, and I think there's a lot of optimism that there *can* be reform and a belief that Chief Williams will be able to do it. But I think a big part of the responsibility falls on the community, and how they can look at this and what they demand and what they are not willing to take, and how committed everyone is to building new relationships, be-

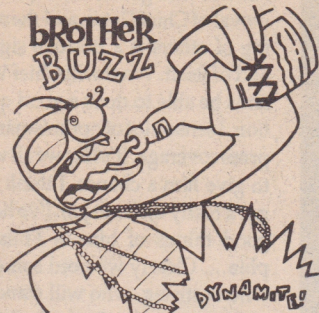
cause just a single chief is not going to do it. Chief Williams is in a big city with a lot of people: it's going to take a real grass roots effort to keep the process honest, and to keep change going and to keep it fluid, to really alter the structures of power that be. And I really think that's the big goal that is of course beyond Chief Williams' power. We need to look at economic as well as social relationships.

People have a history of getting all fired up and then going back to sleep. We produced a 30-minute segment called *La Migra* during the rebellion. And everyone said the same thing, that something's got to give. It's got to get a lot different. You've got to have change. It is possible to have change. But people realize the enormity of the task, and they know it's an uphill fight. There seems to be a real strong commitment out there to rethink whether or not that will happen, and I think that it will depend upon whether or not the rest of the nation goes to sleep. It's going to be a hard summer to go to sleep. People are down in ways that, I'm almost 38, and I've never seen people down this much. I think it would be hard for the nation to go back to sleep. And yet I know this nation has a horrible history, a continuing legacy, of ignoring the brutal racism in our culture. In the city there's a commitment between people. There's more talking with each other, the Crips and the Bloods are just one example, groups who weren't talking, so maybe something's really been started.

Was it a riot or a rebellion?

In the dictionary, rebellion is supposed to be a synonym for riot. But people use the word "riot" to take the political content out of it. In that sense it needs to be looked at as a rebellion because it is

AS YOU KNOW, I PLANNED A TRIP OUT THERE FOR SOME TIME, SO IT FITS IN VERY NICELY." —GEORGE BUSH, ON VISITING L.A. AFTER THE RIOTS.



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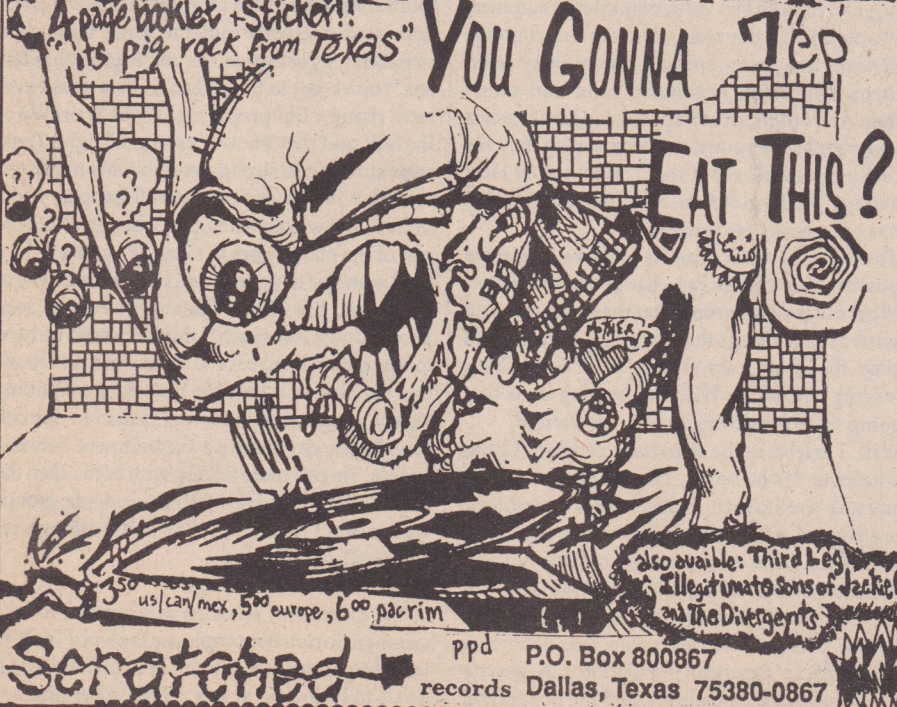
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loaded with political content, economic and politico-economic content. And people said "No more." They've had enough, they see that the justice system is irrelevant to them. Was it a good rebellion, as you said? Did it need to happen? It happened and there are indications that it clearly needed to happen. The nation's attention was not on what it needed to be on at all. After a decade of greed, and of people being allowed to rob people blind, the whole S & L scandal, the kind of continual cut backs in education, social, and medical, I think it was going to happen regardless of whether it was good or not.

Is there a possibility that people can still change or take over the government through force?

In your estimation, was it ever possible in this country to overthrow it by force?

Well I can only think it was, because that's how it started.

I don't see violent overthrow coming anytime soon in this nation. It sure doesn't look like it out there.

The government seems so almighty...

Almighty and yet all mighty vulnerable at the same time. The economic situation is a mess.

How do you break it down? By running for office, being a politician?

Some people choose that strategy, others choose grass roots organizing. Some say we're going to try to create new parties. I think one of the things the Perot candidacy indicates is the level of disaffection and alienation from the two parties. In, I think, almost every primary there's been about a quarter of each party that have been uncommitted votes. We may see one of the parties go away over the next ten years and turn into something new. And I think the Perot candidacy, as much as he seems like an appalling candidate, may be a positive thing in that way because it may really be the beginning of the end for one of the parties, or they may merge. But people are definitely looking at these parties, saying you're too much alike, you don't represent us... That may be something that is changed in the next five or ten years. It's hard to predict, but you can obviously see the level of disaffection just under the surface of this nation in voters everywhere. And a lot of people aren't even voters anymore because they're just sick of this crap.

What was your opinion of the media coverage of the riots?

Appalling, deplorable. They acted like a mouthpiece for the people who wanted to construct reality for us all. Horrible, racist, bigoted, all of the above. Irresponsible. Kelly Lange saying, "Looks like that footage will end up in some court case." What happened to the first amendment? Luckily when the feds subpoenaed KNBC for all their unused footage, she wasn't the news director at that time or they would have handed it over, I'm sure. The news director decided not to. These are the kind of anchors we have in L.A. And the way the Latino and immigrant community was targeted was despicable.

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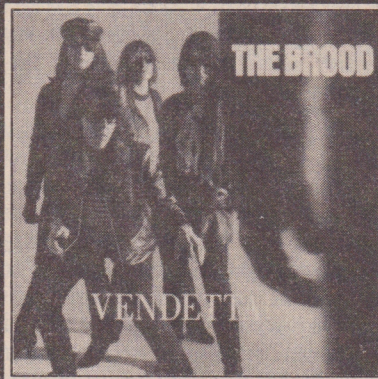
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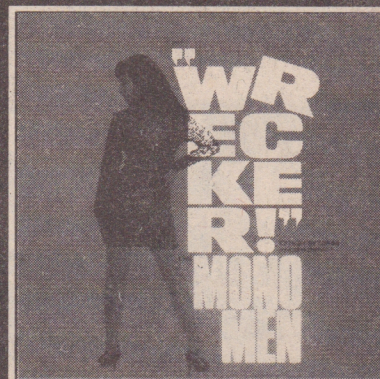
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DEFEND THE LOS ANGELES REBELLION

BY C. CLARK KISSINGER

For several days last month, people on the bottom threw off their oppressors. The rebellion was a spontaneous uprising, not an organized attempt to seize power. Yet it was surely a political rebellion and not a riot. It was the conscious response of thousands across the city who poured into the streets after the acquittal of the cops was announced. The King verdict was the straw that broke the camel's back, another in a long line of "free" hits by the cops.

Nationally and internationally the Los Angeles rebellion was a stunning rebuke to the American New World Order. Here in the heart of the country that posits itself as the model for all of humanity, in the heart of the free market system that is supposed to provide wealth and abundance for all, in the heart of "freedom" where the rule of law and equal justice is supposed to prevail in opposition to "totalitarian tyranny," the people rose up and delivered a giant FUCK YOU to the rulers of America. Their actions sparked protests and rebellions across the land.

In three short days, Blacks, Latinos and others — mainly but not only youth — did more to blow away the swaggering arrogance of the whole New World Order climate than years of protests and critiques. In short, we owe the people who rebelled a profound debt of gratitude. And a responsibility now falls on those of us from other strata: You can't talk about "fighting the power" if you're not going to stand with those who actually did!

That's what Refuse & Resist! is about doing with our Los

Angeles Rebellion Support Project. Join with us to: 1) develop a legal and political offensive to defend all those arrested, stop the deportations and demand amnesty for all; 2) expose and combat the renewed police terror and collective punishment of the communities that erupted in rebellion; and 3) build on the tremendous outrage and exposure coming off the King verdict and the rebellion to realign public opinion on the side of the people. There is much to be done.

Few people understand the extent of the vicious repression that is being carried out against those who stood up. The collective punishment being meted out by the authorities is unprecedented. This is the largest mass arrest of people in U.S. history. Most of the arrests took place after the rebellion in massive curfew sweeps of selected areas where Black and Latinos live. Dozens of people have been shot and killed — many by the police. Whole neighborhoods were cordoned off and the police engaged in door-to-door warrantless searches. People who could not produce sales slips had new looking merchandise summarily confiscated and hauled away to police warehouses.

The government sent the Immigration Service (INS) and the Border Patrol into Latino neighborhoods to snatch up undocumented people. Hundreds have already been deported and over a thousand are languishing in jail under "deportation holds." People were coerced into waiving their rights and agreeing to voluntary deportation through threats of criminal prosecution if they did not.

Coerced pleas became pandemic as the court system swelled with arrestees. Bail was set high, with a minimum of \$250 even for the smallest infractions such as curfew violations. The state law was hurriedly changed to allow prisoners to be held for seven working days before being brought before a judge. So anyone without at least \$250 in their pocket was given the choice of pleading guilty and being reared in some cases for time served, or fighting the charges — which could mean sitting in jail for a week before even being brought before a judge for a bail hearing. The result has been thousands of guilty pleas and people acquiring criminal records, whose only crime was going to work or DWB (Driving While Black).

These are police state measures, and all this is covered over in the media with scenes of "brotherhood and clean-up" contrasted to "thugs and looters." The video tape was damning. As Spike Lee said, "Even my friend Ray Charles could look at that tape and see the cops were guilty." Yet the vicious police beating of Rodney King is replaced in the press with calls for faster police response!

Join with Refuse & Resist! to expose and oppose



photo: Don Lewis

AT MARCH ORGANIZED BY THE "L.A. COALITION TO SUPPORT THE REBELLION"

these crimes by the system. Our shared basis of unity is: 1) The rebellion was just; 2) the rebellion was a breath of fresh air against the whole New World Order climate; 3) all charges should be dropped and all those seized should be set free; and 4) no retribution and an end to the police state in the community.

Refuse & Resist! is a national organization founded in 1987 to go up against the ideological and political agenda of Rightwing America. Since that time, we have entered into battles for abortion rights, against concentration camps for immigrants, the censorship of the arts, resurgent racism, police state measures in the name of the 'war on drugs, gay bashing and AIDS paranoia, war hysteria and attempted compulsory patriotism laws. As our founding statement reads, "To acquiesce further in silence is to be complicit. It is not enough to hope that all of this will simply go away. There must be massive resistance."

The recently formed Los Angeles chapter meets every Tuesday at 7:00 p.m. at Mt. Hollywood Congregational Church, 4607 Prospect Ave. (near Hollywood & Vermont.) Our office is at 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Suite III5, Los Angeles 90028.

Call us at (213) 962-8084 (fax — 962-4437). Your energy, ideas, participation on whatever level you can, contributions for expenses, etc. — all this is needed. Refuse & Resist!

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photo: Don Lewis

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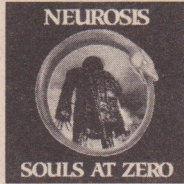
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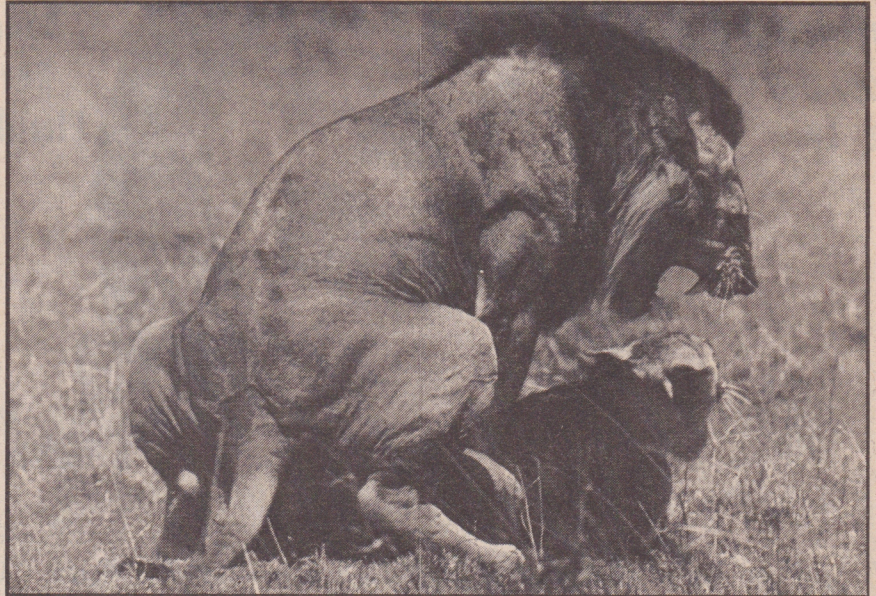
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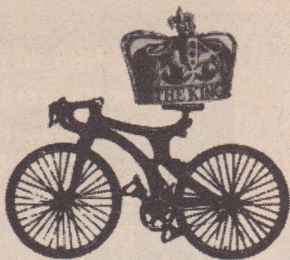
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KING FOR A DAY

BY KRK DOMINGUEZ

For the first time in years, I don't feel "guilty" or "weird" for not owning a TV or radio, for not knowing who the vice president is or what my home phone number is, or even... what day of the fucking week it is! For once in my life, I felt truth and acted on instinct. For one week of my stupid life, all the inner forces I've doused with logic and reason were out and devouring far more than my conscience. I drove the streets of East L.A. and Compton amidst the fires, gun shots, violence, looting, and just plain hysteria, not only in disbelief but in *deja vu*. It might not have been something I've seen before, but it was definitely something I've felt before.

Everything I've struggled for years to comprehend was unraveling before my eyes. I'm not talking about racism, sexism, police brutality, or any other mundane matter. I speak of pure passion: simple, illogical soul venting, not people as puppets governed by 9 to 5 jobs or a spouse, or even (gulp) society, but people blacked-out with rage. People who knew no right or wrong.

Nothing, absolutely nothing was sacred. Fear was non-existent as flames engulfed buildings and "gang bangers" shot guns at cars driving by. I was too deeply submerged in it all to be scared. I was what I've always dreamed of - an act, not a thought - and instinctual action has no time to ponder its destination. But if the gates of pandemonium would have opened just one bullet more, I don't think I would be writing this right now.

Hah- I didn't watch it on TV.

Hah- I didn't read about it in the paper.

Hah- I didn't sit home drenched in cold panic.

I was dazed, I was engulfed, I was there, amazed, intrigued, disgusted, offended, ashamed, and hated. But I was alive, which is more than I can say about those who were safe at home in front of the television passing judgement on something as disconnected from them as a Sylvester Stallone movie.

I'm not stupid. I would never argue that all I did and saw was right, but no son of bitch will ever tell me it was wrong.

Unfortunately, every time something of a large magnitude moves one way, a few going the opposite way get (how could I put this...) squashed. But every fucking day someone gets something they didn't deserve, while another gets something they did deserve.

But all this pity for the "victim" is of any day, any moment, any reason. It's simply not everyday when you, I, we are unleashed to roam the hell that life is, like the animals we are.

Next time, like all others who have touched madness and know it, I will be prepared. And I don't plan on waiting too long. As I now, for the first time in my life, have hope. I now know when the time comes, and the people are ready, our lives will be ours once more.

I would rather die for a reason than live for none.

"IT'S NOT STEALING. THE JURY DID US WRONG" -A LOOTER

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Shooting Sparks, Too

By KERIN MORATAYA

Four days of boredom in a city

WEDNESDAY

2 pm

I'm at Darby's and we're watching "General Hospital" in an effort to avoid working on the current issue. I turn to her and say "I think it will be good for the ratings having Holly go out with a Latino man." She nods in agreement. We continue watching the show without further comment



until it's interrupted by the ABC Special Report trailer.

At 3 pm, we listen to the verdicts in disbelief. I almost throw up my tofu, shells and curry. "I can't even believe this!" I yell. "Of course, the jury was made up of whites, that's what it is." As Darby watches on I go in the next room and call I.P. Freely. His usual sarcastic eloquence is lost today. All he can utter is "Holy fucking erasure tabs!, what a crock of shit!" I agree sadly and hang up.

4:30 pm

Switching from channel to channel, I begin the routine that is to last the next four days. I settle on ABC and watch in horror as the

now famous events on Florence and Normandie begin. I yell to Darby, "This is so insane, where the fuck are the police?"

5-8:45 pm

Eyes burning, we watch crowds gathering at various locations. We see the first twenty fires start. And we realize that Alan has a show at Al's Bar. Trooper that he is, he decides to go regardless. We spend ten minutes worrying about him, then decide to order dinner. "It's a good thing nothing's happening in Mid-Wilshire yet", Darby says. We order Indian and continue watching television. The fires number about forty at this point and I begin to worry about driving home.

9 pm

Our food arrives. It's expensive and doesn't taste all that great. We eat it anyway and continue watching the news.

10 pm

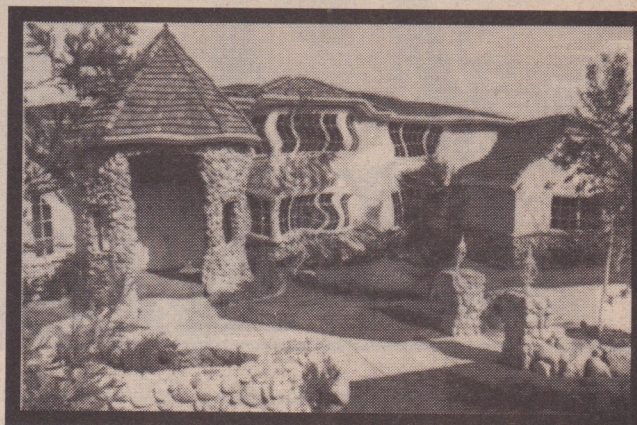
Darby gives up one of her two weapons. Now armed with a stun gun, I begin the forty-five minute drive home. Burning buildings are on all sides of me. I begin visualizing the chaos in Covina. "Fuck! What if they've started burning houses?" I drive faster. There are no CHPs in sight.

10:30 pm

I arrive in Covina. All is quiet, too quiet. Even the local police-owned donut shop is empty. I reach home, pour myself a glass of milk, and turn on the TV; It's gonna be a long night.

THURSDAY

10 am



SUBURBIA LOOKED PEACEFUL ENOUGH.

I wake up with a sense of dread, however my house is still standing. I get up, eat breakfast, and begin preparations in case flight from the city is necessary. I flick on the TV and all I see is a mass of smoke. I cry as I pack my Ben Is Dead archives.

10:15 am

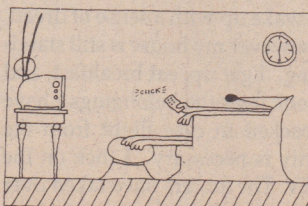
Darby calls and tells me she's leaving the city. I give her the most powerful protection spell I can conjure up and she promises to call when she reaches safety. I hang up and worry about my little editor friend, her boyfriend and her cat.

10:30 am-4:30 pm

I watch TV and begin rating the newscasters' wardrobe and poise.

5 pm

I drive to my local liquor store to



buy some cloves. The effects of the riot are starting to appear: the clerk hands me Regulars instead of Xtras. I throw the pack back at him and yell, "Pull yourself together man!" A tear slides down his face. He wipes it away hurriedly, and gives me the correct brand. I give him an encour-

Korean businesses burned in Covina:

None

News media coverage in Covina during the riots, and the aftermath:

None

Number of Covina residents on the jury who acquitted the cops:

None

Bueno *adv, adj.* 1. Good. As in: How did it go for you during the riots? Answer: *Bueno.*

Nirvana *n.* 1. Happy, and soporific—a consumerist substitute for rebellion. As in: What did you listen to during the riots. Answer: *Nirvana.*



aging smile, pay and leave. When will this all end?

6 pm

Even though the closest fire is 40 miles away, I decide to take preventive measures. I use the hose to wet down the front and backyard, as well as the bottom half of my house. I get my brother to water bomb the surrounding trees, then we dig a fire break around our home. Feeling much safer, we go in and cook up some tofu tostadas.

"Since 1948 we've been cooking our potatoes in 100% vegetable oil. Our fries are peeled and diced at each store and cooked fresh for you."



6:30 pm-8:59 pm

I watch TV and continue to rate the newscasters' wardrobe and poise.

9 pm

Flipping to channel 11, I discover my worst nightmare: *Beverly Hills 90210* has been pre-empted! My breathing becomes labored and I feel light-headed. How can I

face these riots without my hour of unrealistic, white-actress-dominated teenage angst? I grab my twelve pack from the fridge and hold my head up high. This is not the time for weakness. I flip to channel 7, and gulp my first beer. It's gonna be a long night.

FRIDAY

2 am

I wake up in front of the TV, empty beer cans strewn everywhere. I hear sirens. The dogs in the 'hood start barking and howling. I drag myself to bed and place Darby's stun gun next to me,

then I pass out.

10 am

I wake up with a sense of dread, however my house is still standing. I get up, eat breakfast, and look over the belongings I have packed in case flight from the city is necessary. I flick on the TV. The looters have taken over the city. I see my cousin Juan

Carlos run out of an electronics store with five stereos. I make a mental note to call and invite him to dinner next week. I start flipping through the channels.

10:30 am-4:30 pm

I watch TV and continue to rate the newscasters' wardrobe and poise.

5 pm

The curfew has cut into my social life. After trying in vain to find something to do, I start seriously considering driving into Los Angeles to add some drama to my life. The plan incorporates driving into Downtown L.A., freaking out at all the fires and looting, then getting the fuck out of there. Convincing myself that this will be the most exciting thing I've ever done, I start getting ready.

5:15 pm

After watching more newscasts, I give up on the L.A. riot tour.

6 pm

Darby finally calls from her father's house. She says, "I can only talk for a second. I'm in the jacuzzi and don't want to get the phone wet." We plan

on meeting when the riots stop.

9 pm

I begin getting the first signs of cabin fever. In desperation, I call my old dealer. Out of boredom, she has already done all her drugs. I'm thankful and go to the store and buy another twelve pack instead.

9:30-12 pm

I drink and watch TV from the roof of my house. I keep trying to fire-watch and can only imagine that my presence has scared all possible arsonists away. Oh well, at least I'll be ready if a flash flood happens. I sit on my roof until the mosquitoes force me to retreat inside and seek shelter in my bed.

SATURDAY

10 am

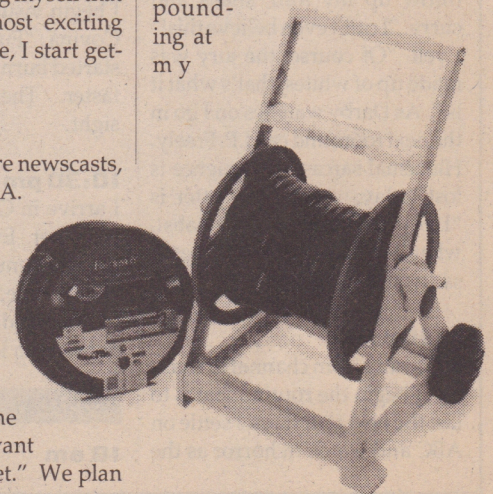
I wake up with a sense of dread. However my house is still standing. I get up, eat breakfast, and look over the belongings I have packed in case flight from the city is necessary. I flick on the television and start flipping through the channels.

11 am-5pm

Sick of the news and all the destruction, I begin watching my extensive library of Simpsons and 90210 episodes. I then fall asleep.

5:30 pm

A fierce pounding at my



front door wakes me up. I reach for the stun gun and slowly crawl on my stomach to the door. I yell, "If you're a looter, this is a poor Hispanic household! And I'm armed!" A voice yells back "Kerin, it's only me, you fool!" I open the door and I'm pleasantly surprised to find my friend, Shelby. I ask her if all is well in her section of town. She tells me of long lines at the local Yoshinoya. "This will probably be the roughest time we'll ever see," she says. I sadly agree. We adjourn to my room and listen to Queen albums for two hours.

9 pm

Having binged on Freddy Mercury, we feel the need for excitement. We hop in Shelby's car and head for the local Salvadoran restaurant to gorge on pupusas. When we arrive, it's closed. There's a sign on the door that reads "*Cerrado en vista de los actos de violencia en Los Angeles.*" This is heavy. We take a moment to mull over the message, then head for the In N' Out across the street. Usually full of boisterous, thrill seeking high school students, this local hangout is eerily quiet tonight. I feel guilty as I order my grilled cheese, no onions. As we pull up to the food window, we notice the employees huddled around the TV. They don't even look at us when they hand us our food. We drive away and park in the darkest corner of the adjoining lot. I find it impossible to enjoy my food. I turn to Shelby, but her face is stony. I feel like a schmuck.

9:30 pm

We're still in the parking lot. The silence is smothering me so I stick in a mambo tape in honor of all the Latinos suffering. The mood is instantly broken. "We Shall Overcome!" Shelby yells to no one in particular. I give her a thumbs up. She starts the car and we drive off. The night is still young, so we decide to tour the neighboring cities to see how they're holding up. As we drive, mambo music blaring, I scream slogans of inspiration and hope at pedestrians. They'll never

know the identity of their goodwill ambassador, but the messages will have entered their hearts regardless. I feel truly alive.

9:45 pm

We arrive in Glendora, and head for In N' Out. This one is packed. We decide to do the drive thru. Our order taker sounds bored so I decide to inspire him. I quote him lines from Otis Redding's "Sitting On the Dock of the Bay" and he offers me a TV "real cheap". I decline gracefully and avoid looking at his face when he hands us our food. Our mood subdued by this exchange, we again find the darkest spot in the lot and eat our food in silence. After a while, Shelby softly mutters, "Yo." "Word," I reply. There's nothing more to say.

10 pm

We're still in the parking lot. Suddenly, a line of Acura lowriders zoom by us, blaring rap music. "Follow those cars!" I shout. Shelby has already sprung to action. We begin a twenty minute car chase through Glendora, San Dimas, and Covina. As we run a red light, tires screeching, Shelby yells, "Why are we doing this Kerin?" I look at her incredulously and say, "You've lived in Covina for 21 years and you're asking me why we're doing this?" She shuts up and floors the car to 80 mph.

12 pm

I arrive home safely, having had our chase stopped by the local law enforcement (they pulled over one of the Acuras). I flick on the TV and notice that the newscasters are telling stupid jokes again. The violence is finally coming to a halt. For the first time in four days, I feel safe. The city of Covina stood strong against an impending onslaught and came out victorious. Aside from the one fallen angel ordertaker, there were no victims, no fatalities. The city has proven itself a rock and I am proud to call it my home...that is, until I can afford to move to Silverlake. ■

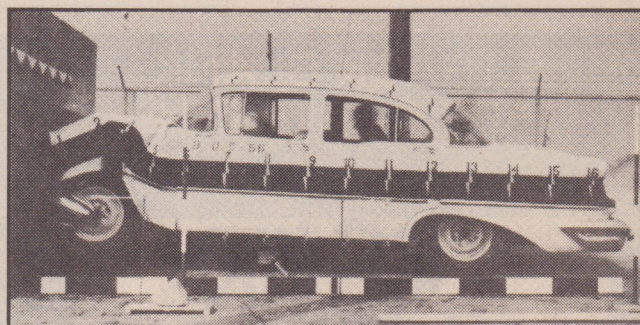
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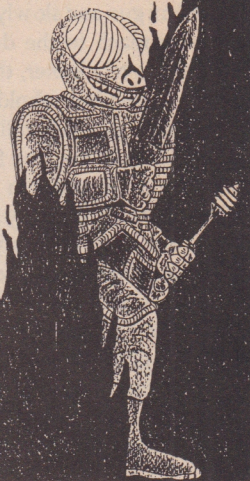
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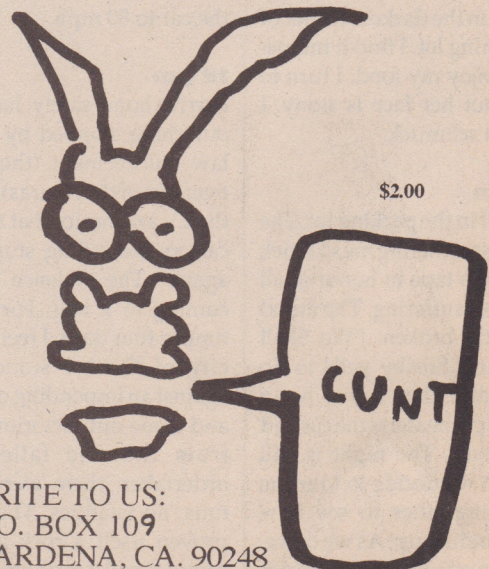
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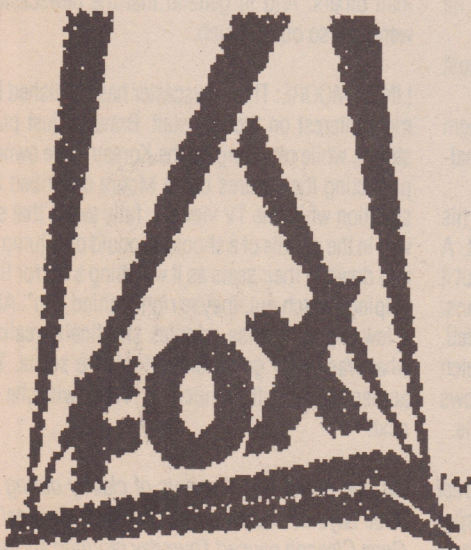
MEDIA WARS HIT HOME

"An event... full of characters that the audience can identify with, villains they can hate, a political context that elevates the whole story to a realm larger than everyday life, and suspense over the outcome that keeps the audience coming back night after night—television can rarely resist making the news a melodrama." —Todd Gittlin, Watching Television

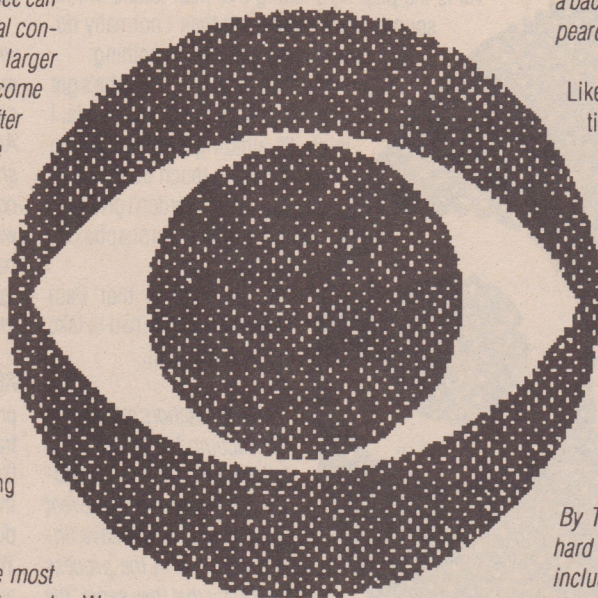
JODY BASKERVILLE: I hate her, I hate her, that Black lady with the freckles and a different color ribbon in her hair every day. Why can't she learn how to speak English! This is America, she's not from England. Actually her voice changes, as the riot becomes more intense, she stops her phony English accent. She's much better now (during the riot).

"For what it's worth, throughout the riot the most comprehensive coverage was probably on Channel 2 — despite the presence of the execrable Bree Walker, whose solemn "Oh, the humanity" expression was to keep slipping all through the next 48 hours into a peeved sorority treasure's "I may bart" look. —LA Weekly

As we watched TV, frequent reports from the news helicopters gave us an overview of the city and select areas of immediate activity and destruction.



SPECIAL THANKS TO GUS FOR REFRESHING OUR MEMORY.



We gazed into the TV for news on the situation of our own homes and neighborhoods and those of our friends. We had a better idea of where the news helicopters were flying over than they did.

When the KNBC helicopter pilot, trying to pinpoint the location of the big fire at Wilcox and Hollywood, mentioned Musso & Frank's, anchor Kelly Lange — thinking the restaurant itself was ablaze — gasped audibly, "Oh, no!" —LA Weekly

The only people reporting anything of value were the helicopter people. All the reporters sucked.

Well let's face it, the helicopter guys could see more of what was going on...

But they weren't reporters. They said "There's a fire down there. This guy is getting beaten."

Well, they were telling you exactly what was going on. Right!

"In their hunger for good images, television news values called for incessant shots of fires. Even when press conferences were held by officials, Gov. Pete Wilson, Police Chief Daryl Gates, Mayor Tom Bradley, and even President George Bush, became tiny talking heads against

a background of flame or, on some networks, disappeared altogether. —LA Reader

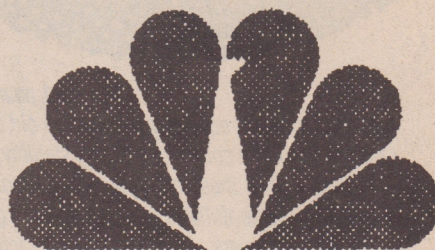
Like this HARVEY LEVIN, he's hysterical all the time.

It's like watching SCTV... Harvey Levin's like Rick Moranis.

I think the cameraman just fell on the ground. All these people are just walking around like normal and Harvey Levin is rolling around under the car.

I think your magazine should donate... you should have the Harvey Levin scholarship, give it to like Harvard University to teach the Harvard graduates how to hide behind police cars. They need training in that stuff.

By Thursday all the stations were bearing down hard on the thugs-and-hooligans line, eventually including, to my disappointment, KCBS's estimable Harvey Levin. (To be fair, Levin had been caught in a fire and dodged a couple of bullets by then.) Lest anyone think I'd have preferred the anchors to have talked about "heroic revolutionaries" or some such,



let me make it clear that, for news purposes, "looters," arsonists" and even "snipers" would have done the journalistic job quite nicely. Any terminology more loaded than that is agitprop for the status quo, and served the additional purpose of depersonalizing the rioters so that good Angelo viewers would be relieved of having to wonder why they were rioting. —LA Weekly

HAL FISHMAN: I hate Hal Fishman. He's pompous. He tries to have this voice of authority but he looks really confused all the time, like he's not being given the right information and yet he tries to pass it on as if he knows what he's talking about. ➤

I thought Hal Fishman was one of those old timers?
That people respect him more?
Yeah, he is.

The steadiest coverage, however, came from the independent stations, my own favorite being KTLA Channel 5, with anchor Hal Fishman and, among others on the street, the superbly unflappable Warren Wilson. Unexpectedly, the indies' much-de-

ridged staffs of

recall seeing back in the '65 Watts riots."

Overall Channel 7 was most interesting because the anchors controlled it, especially the red headed guy. When he was running it and when some of the others were running it, they kept it tighter. They didn't just let it loose, the way Channel 2 did...

PAUL MOYER (you know, the guy who panicked during the earthquake): What do you think about the way he's interviewing Mark Ridley-Thomas?

He is the pits. He's letting this man rabble on, he sounds more incoherent than I normally do.

He's rambling on and saying nothing.

I don't think he's rambling. I think he's got a point of view, he's got an agenda, I think it's amazing they're allowing him to say as much as they are, 'cause usually they don't give anybody that much of a soapbox on television.

The problem is that Paul Moyer probably had to take a piss, that's all.

The local anchors moved into the vacuum left by the city's (other) institutions, categorizing the nature of the event before anyone could have understood it, and in the process making it clear that they serve "the public" less than the social order. In my experience, KABC's Moyer was the worst offender, flatly, declaring as early as Wednesday evening that "This has nothing to do with the Rodney King verdict" (how in the hell would he know?), and branding the rioters with abusive terms that were purely rhetorical ("thugs," "hooligans") or as yet unsupported by any evidence ("Gangbangers"). —LA Weekly

I don't know what it is about Paul Moyer, but he doesn't talk to you like you're a human being. He's not putting his personality into it, he's just reading it off of a piece of paper.

You want them to be personal, you don't want them to be personal, you want them to have a personality...

No, like Henry Alfaro has a personality, he gave his opinion of the situation as a reporter should. A reporter should tell you what's happening and put it in perspective enough so you know what it means. Paul Moyer explains things as if they're disjointed, they don't mean anything. I don't normally watch these newscasters, I normally watch other shows (on Ch. 28), 'cause these people are just terrible.

"Repeatedly, when those interviewed on the street brought up militant black grievances, and especially if they suggested that there was a lot more

fueling this riot than the King verdict, reporters would shush them or the cameras would quickly cut back to the studio, on the grounds that such talk risked 'inflaming' the situation. The upshot was that hardly any rationale for the riot coming from its participants - and there were clearly articulate people ready to provide several - got aired without interference. If you grant that the newscasters' quandary was a genuine one (that is, that some of this stuff probably did risk inflaming the situation), you should then also grant that, as a result of this quandary, you can't trust them to give you the whole story.

One exception came late Thursday afternoon when KNBC's Linda Douglas, with admirable determination, started to talk on the air about the exclusion from society that can make young African-American males feel they've got nothing to lose. But she got put down by anchor Jess Marlow, who contemptuously asked if they felt better now. (This was, by the way, a lovely demonstration of the patriarchal structure of the anchor-field reporter relationship: daddy Jess was bringing a rude child to heel for the company's benefit.)" —LA Weekly

After a day of the continuous rioting the lovely primed up faces of these TV reporters seemed to fray around the edges — like a scene out of the first Batman movie. Oh, they are real people under all that cake make-up.... I appreciated the TV news during the riot more than most people I've talked to. The newscasters didn't have enough time to prep and "cover-up" who they really were with politically correct or even sensitive news casting. Television has a purpose and a catch. We all know its faults already. Its hypnotizing power was in full force during the riots. It was a mix between sickening and "I can't turn it off"... like usual. After the riots, you heard many stating their assorted outrages concerning the media's coverage, but for the most part all sides were brought up and given their five minutes. The complaint really is that some ideas, and especially some visuals, were being sold more than others. And in general that the newscasters were just so out of touch.

LINDA MOORE: This newscaster has garnished the most interest on the BID staff. Brave or just plain stupid, while reporting on the Korean store owners protecting their stores Linda Moore described the situation while the TV viewers, fully aware that she was in the middle of a shootout, could only jump up and down in their seats as if watching a horror flick yelping "watch out, they're right behind you". After a few highly intense minutes she finally realized what was really going on and left the scene. The audience was left wondering "What will she do next!"

"In one of the few moments of clarity during the three days of breathless TV coverage, Channel 7's Gene Gleason paused Thursday morning and said,

middle-aged, paunchy vets, the broadcast equivalent of beat-up old cars, came to look like a source of doughty stability. For one thing, unlike their more youthful glamorous counterparts at the affiliates — not to mention a good many of their viewers... a lot of them had actually been living and working in L.A. in 1965. That meant they'd seen riots before. —LA Weekly

He may have seen riots before, but does he really remember them? Thursday morning Fishman noted, "One of the most dangerous things that I've noticed in watching your coverage this morning was that you talk about anger, anger is one emotion, but in many of these looters you see this almost kind of a festive occasion: running in, laughing. I mean this is not a reaction to the Latasha Harlin shooting or the King case. These are people who are looking for an excuse to loot. And I think you've portrayed that very vividly, especially where Steve Linz was down there with a TV camera. People rushing in and out taking things... it was like a party. Something that I don't

"Somebody needs to sit back and say, 'What happened here? What went wrong?' The city is about as polarized as it could be."

THE RED HEADED GUY ON CHANNEL 7 was really nasty to Diane Watson, because he was ticked off at what she said. Watson was saying she understands what they (the looters) were doing, and he got really ticked.

I thought he was kind of insensitive, kinda racist. He was acting very unprofessional....

See, I took it the opposite way. I said, hey, that's great. One of the only people I liked was the red headed guy on Channel 7...

But he lost his cool.

Yeah.

He got too emotional about it.

HENRY ALFARO:

That guy I liked.

I liked him too.

He's a real strong and positive role model. He's the reporter that, while he was in the middle of reporting, some guy kept walking back and forth in front of him, and after like the third time he finally said "Yeah, thanks a lot buddy." I just like him, he's totally down to earth, he's got a great sense of humor and he's very sincere. He's got more of an old time reporting style. He's actually trying to give you some information and he's not full of himself.

See, he's not commentating, he's reporting, just like those helicopter guys. But the helicopter guys aren't trained to be true reporters, these guys are trained to be reporters and are being run around by these mobs instead of reporting from the sidelines. He's not the hysterical newscaster that all the others were.

Except for Henry, none of these people have ever had to live outside of Beverly Hills or the mall.

And how do you know that?

Because, they don't know how to handle this. It's just like that hysterical freckled bitch, you remember, my favorite reporter. A bad day for her was when she couldn't get her nails done and all of a sudden she had to see reality. I mean, most reporters work their way up. Poor guys, worked on newspapers in the old days, they were just workers. When you see a Studs Turkel or some of these old newspaper reporters, they didn't go to college to become a reporter. They worked their way up from the newsboy, from the mailroom, from the copy boy, all the way up the ladder. These people went to college and came out and they have no clue of what they're reporting on.

There, for example, was reporter Pat Lalama with two distraught Korean motorists who said they had been mugged at gunpoint. Now they were enduring their second mugging. Despite pleading emotionally not to be on TV, these distraught women were on camera live, with Lalama at one point seeming to

adjust one of the women's hair so that her wound be more visible.

After this exploitative spectacle, anchors Michael Tuck and Bree Walker uttered some apologetic words and Walker — whose body seemed to have been inhabited at times this past week by Mother Teresa — added to Lalama, her voice oozing with compassion: 'Stay there and comfort her.'

Yes, a station with a heart. Plastic." —LA Times

MARY GRADY: "...but the protesters, I'm telling you, they have not backed off at all, they are right in the faces of those police officers, taunting them, telling them how angry they are."

She has too personal of a style, and she takes things too personally. The news is her own personal vendetta.

She sounds very sensitive.

She sounds like she's writing in her diary.

The presence of TV crews seemed to exacerbate the eerie carnival atmosphere at looting sites. At a scene where a man had been shot with his own gun and was lying dead in his car, KCAL Channel 9's reporter tried in vain to describe the gruesome situation while a crowd of black teenagers laughed, frolicked, and mugged for the camera behind him. Mortified, the reporter gave up, saying grimly, "There's a dead person here and it's a big joke. Back to you." —LA Reader

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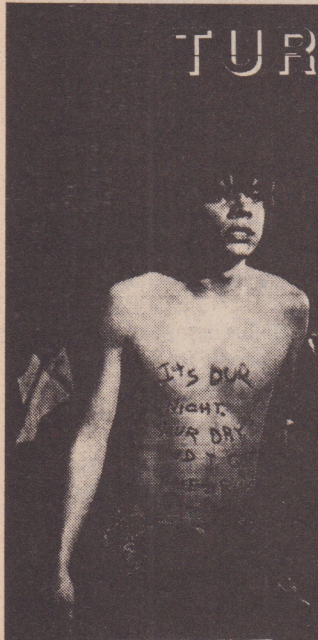
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TOP TEN PLACES WE WISH WERE LOOTED AND BURNED

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Somehow, while everything around them burned, Mc D's around the city were still standing strong. You know they've made a pact with the devil. We might as well through in Carl's Jr. and Dominoes Pizza while we're at it.

ALL PARKING ENFORCEMENT CARS, METERS AND MAIDS

Raising the aggravation and frustration level in this city hourly.

AUTO REPAIR SHOPS—ESPECIALLY MIKKI'S

They already have a special place in hell waiting for them; but that doesn't mean they can't enjoy some here on earth.

KROQ

We hope it happens during "Loveline."

CLUB FUCK

Political suicide.

SCIENTOLOGY

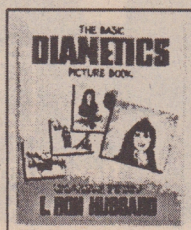
Including all celeb Scientologists (except Kathie Lee).

UCLA VIVISECTION FACILITIES

Looted first, then burned.

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Just to see if all their work in the rescue department has paid off.



The King Connection

COMPILED BY JOHN MICHAEL LEWIS AND DON LEWIS



Recently Rodney King has been made a hero almost on a level with the late Rev. Martin Luther King. The following facts offer insight and will expand your consciousness on this remarkable phenomenon.

Martin Luther King attended Booker T. Washington High School with honors, where he skipped the 12th grade to enter college.

Rodney G. King attended John Muir High School in special education, where he also skipped the 12th grade... as a dropout.

The rhetoric of Martin Luther King inspired thousands of people to march into Montgomery for "Civil Rights."

The beating of Rodney King inspired thousands of people to march into Montgomery Wards declaring their "Looters Rights."

It is on record that Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was once "stoned" by an angry mob in Chicago.

It is on record according to the original police report that Rodney King was "stoned" in Los Angeles.

In 1963 Martin Luther King marched to the Lincoln Monument and proclaimed "I have a dream..."

In 1991, motorist Rodney King staggered to his home on Lincoln Avenue and later revealed to the press "I have nightmares."

After his imprisonment, Martin Luther King rode the freedom buses, crossing the bridges of segregation and dodging the slings and arrows of prejudice.

Out on parole, Rodney G. King was stopped for speeding, only to suffer the baton swings of extreme prejudice.

Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. is in no way related to world boxing fight promoter Don King.

Ditto for Motorist Rodney King.



CONSPIRACY THEORY NUMBER 9: THE KROQ AGENDA

BY MICHELLE BONAVENTURA

While talk of gang truces and police states swirls about our already polluted city like buzzards attacking a not-quite-dead-carcass, one important factor in the evolution, and yes, in the thought processes of our city's youth has heretofore been ignored.

You've seen the posters and the t-shirts. Not too subtle, are they? A simple image, a simple incitement to break with the social order. "Revolutionize Your Ears" they read, as the comrade raises his arm in an undemocratic gesture.

KROQ, for those of you who aren't familiar with the city we once thought belonged to the angels, is the local commercial "alternative rock" station. They, perhaps, would prefer to be known as a "roq" station. They first became popular as a locus for rebellion in the late seventies and early eighties when they had no playlists (and no payroll), and played local punk bands such as the Germs, the Go-Gos, and even the fledgling Motley Crüe.

But the New Wave hit hard in LA, and nowhere harder than the Roq. Most historians place the beginning of their mind-numbing, teen-cloning practices around this time. It may have been a short hop from Siouxsie to Spandau, but from there it's an easy, degrading slide into the strategic Flock of Seagulls, Haircut 100, and Oingo Boingo pressure points. Perhaps there's one such station in your city. There probably is. Read on.

Power and coercion work best when they are disguised, and that has been the *modus operandi* of the KROQ conspiracy throughout its existence. But like any massive system, there are cracks in the KROQ cloak of secrecy (and yes, I am mixing my metaphors,

but we have a legion of young people to save here, and I'm not going to worry about it), and these moments of exposure are important to examine, especially in light of recent events in our city.

It was just a few years ago that the infamous Depeche Mode riot occurred. Not in South Central, not in East LA, but in Beverly Hills, at the Beverly Center, in the very heart of the city's elitist structure. The band was appearing for a record signing event, and the crowd outside had been waiting for hours. Employees have testified to random acts of violence in the hours leading up to the event:

A group of the Krogers tried to beat me up for the security pass that all the Warehouse employees had to wear. They grabbed me and were trying to yank it off my neck, and they almost did, but a security guard (hired especially for the event) rescued me.

Is this the sort of behavior that a decade of "Roq" has engendered? The band, apparently unaware of the violence and cabalism that had been organized under their name by the programmers—and notice the vocabulary, too, and its sinister implications: "station" "programmer" "listener"—and obviously attuned to the growing restlessness of the mob, agreed to stay longer than the agreed upon two hours, but that didn't slake the appetite of the beast:

Most of the damage was done by UCLA frat boys. They were the ones that broke the windows and started most of the pushing. The girls provided the hysterical screaming and whining, as well as bribing Warehouse employees to sneak them in side doors.

Of course there was the token astonishment by the

politicians. Councilman Zev Yaroslavsky, in televised debate with Richard Blade (a "KROQ jock", or is it "joq"?), threatened to sue the station, but he, like all the other ruffled feathers, was quickly smoothed over by the well-oiled propaganda machine. With the teen population at your disposal, you don't have to worry too much about public relations. Realizing that their organization might soon be exposed, the station managers secured a massive coverup, issued apologies, and then, in a spectacularly clever move, offered to send a free tape containing unreleased Depeche Mode cuts, an interview, and a statement by the band about the violence to anyone who sent in a postcard saying that he or she had been at the riot.

How Brilliant! Drafting the most eager, most skilled, and most corrupt of their growing army of Rogers in one fell swoop! They will write to us and we will own them! With such a large, juicy carrot before them, who's to blame a white suburban kid for not noticing the very sinister stick that is sure to follow?

And of course it has continued. Apparently the programmers have decided that this is a successful method of enlisting their supporters. I suspect they are compiling a large database. When Depeche Mode recently played the Rose Bowl, contact points were set up at malls so that listeners could bring cans of food and receive a free ticket to the show. The band's presence is no longer actually needed, only promised in return for booty. But again, at these events, small ruptures of teen violence were inescapable:

I went to two of them and got in a fistfight with this one KROQ chick because I was the cut off point for the tickets and she was like two people behind me and

KROQ CONSPIRACY CONTINUED

couldn't deal. So, while we were scuffling I lost my place in line, but I beat the fuck out of her. And then all the people who had been waiting like ten hours for tickets and weren't going to get any started fighting too and it looked like the pit at the Olympic Auditorium. This was in Fullerton. Then we went to the same type of thing a week later in Irvine and there was this group of guys who made up this scam where they said they were from KROQ and you gave them your food cans and they gave you these priority numbers they had printed up. So we gave them our food (as did three hundred other fools), and we had these tickets, and we were forming a line numerically, when the real KROQ people showed up. The scam guys had managed to thin the line by three hundred people, therefore insuring themselves a ticket for the show. We couldn't get back in line because we had no more canned food, and the line had gotten bigger and more fighting broke out and I think some people were arrested.

Look around you. The signs are inescapable. The Mars FM thing is either a smokescreen or a new, more elaborate plot. You can't cut off the head of the medusa, because it will grow a hundred more at the site. We aren't entering a new world order, we are always, already, within it. You are too. You know the words to the song:

*There's a new game we like to play you see
A game with added reality
You treat me like a dog
Get me down on my knees
We call it master and servant
We call it master and servant*

*It's a lot like life, this game between the sheets
With you on top and me underneath
Forget all about equality
Let's play master and servant
Let's play master and servant*

*It's a lot like life and that's what's appealing
If you despise that throwaway feeling
From disposable fun
Then this is the one*

*Domination is the name of the game
In bed or in life they're both just the same
Except in one you're fulfilled at the end of the day
Let's play master and servant
Let's play master and servant*

*It's a lot like life and that's what's appealing
If you despise that throwaway feeling
From disposable fun
Then this is the one*

*Let's play Master and Servant
Let's play Master and Servant*

The Pantry

BY CLIFF AND DARBY

"We've been open 68 years, 24 hours a day. We're a historical land-mrk. There's just no way we'd close. We just want to carry on a tradition."

— Duane Burrell, General Manager,
The Pantry Restaurant.

While most people in Los Angeles complied with the curfew restrictions*, and their fears during the LA Riot, if you looked very hard you could find a few businesses open to the public. One that would have had a problem closing even if they tried is the historical Pantry Cafe in Downtown Los Angeles. Though Duane Burrell, the Pantry's general manager, estimated a loss of approximately sixty percent of their customers, they "picked up 20-30% of the Police Department", which probably made them feel a bit more secure considering they don't even have locks on their doors.

George thinks that maybe people had a little more respect for a place that has been around for such a long time. He also stated that he thinks "a certain percent of the people doing the rioting and looting eat here on a regular basis." Was he scared? "Oh, very much so. I was here something like 60 hours straight. How could you not be scared when people are running up and down 9th Street, ... stereos and furniture in their hands." And who's to say if a looter gets hungry and wonders if the TV was free, why aren't the roast beef sandwiches?

If you need a dose of saturated fats, a vein full of cholesterol, and just a dash of history cheap, this is the place to go. Anytime, anyday, and definitely rain or shine. Note: Keep this in mind when the "big one" hits.

* Some restaurants were actually fined for staying open.

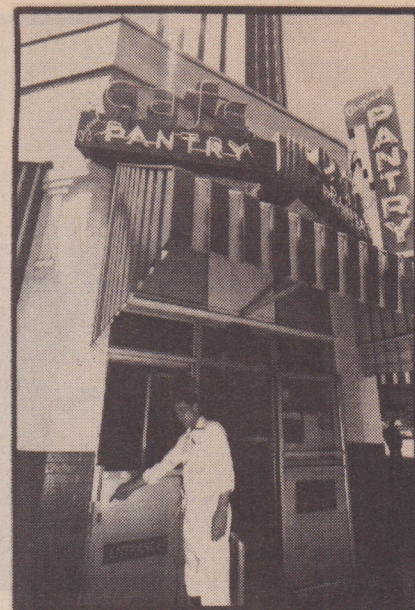


photo: Don Lewis



THIS MAP WAS MARKED IN AREAS WHERE RIOTING OCCURRED. LOOK CLOSELY AND YOU CAN SEE WHAT WAS REALLY BEHIND THE UPRISING.

South Central After The Fire

MARK T. SNEED

As a teacher of seventh grade English at Horace Mann Junior High, right at Western and Florence, in the heart of South Central, I attempt to educate the 150+ students that come in and out of my life daily. On a good day I reach maybe 90% of my kids. But, after the chaos that erupted just down the street following the Rodney King trial verdict, teaching was put on the shelf for awhile. There was a need to discuss the goings on that had ripped South Central apart and made it look like Beirut or Israel, instead of a part of the City of Angels. I, like my students, had a lot to deal with. So, we shared. We wrote about what we felt, after the riots drove many to acts of violence and mayhem. We talked and let out feelings that were good and bad.

Is there really anything to be learned from all the chaos, I wondered. I hoped, a romantic to the end, that my students would come to me with tales of bravery and determination that would sustain me for awhile. Romantics fall hard, and that day I tumbled down a cliff of shattered hopes, listening to the students bragging in the halls about looting.

So, we talked, trying to make sense of all the insanity that came with the riots, that week school restarted. What seemed the most blatant problem of understanding the pain and turmoil that the riot created was the idea of right and wrong. I never gave my opinion, probably because I didn't believe it wrong to strike out from frustration. But, I knew it wasn't right in the same breath. Why it wasn't right, was because, the violence was all directed back at ourselves. I was at a loss to explain my feelings. It was enough to let students speak out. Many seemed to not see anything wrong with what had happened. I was dumbfounded. It surprised me, the fact that these twelve and thirteen year olds had no grasp of the long-term problems that this riot had guaranteed. They knew the idea of right and wrong, everyone does. But, in clear practical terms, as a basis for their actions, they had not seemingly believed those rules applied to them.

So, we talked, and I learned that whole families had participated in the rioting and looting. How could it be wrong, really, I understood in a seventh graders mind, if your mother and sister and uncle were asking you to help steal safes or shoes?

SOUTH CENTRAL SHUFFLE

BY MARK

THE ODDS WERE AGAINST HIM
30:1,
AND CLIMBING
AS THE WIND CHANGED.

STATIC AIR
MADE TIME CRACKLE,
IN THE WAKE
FIRES AND ANGERS RAGED

OUT OF CONTROL.

FUELLED BY THE MADNESS
EYES BURNED
NOSES SMARTED
AND SOME WONDERED.

WILL THIS INCONVENIENCE US?

YEAH. BABY. YEAH.

That knowledge drained me. How could I combat that? There was no easy way that I could convince my students that what they had done was wrong, or more importantly show them that what their families had done was criminal. It was then and there that I realized that so often we have opted for the simple and easy solution, rather than the one that might involve us looking into ourselves. So, I wondered and thought. What can one do in the face of such contradiction? Teach, I answered, trying to find ways to show how mob mentality was never usually the most brilliant activities.

That smoke filled day turned brilliant, by the end. The romantic broken, rose and climbed back up that steep face, helped by those that were wrestling with the questions he had asked. As a teacher I know we cannot reach everyone. But, we must try. We can only teach and hope that the sincerity of our words have some effect. I suppose.

There was much to deal with, I found. So, we wrote and I wrote, thinking of the problems that we were all soon to face again if things didn't change.

WORD TO THE PEOPLE

by Glenn Morataya, Age 14

First off, I would like to state that I neither hate or like all white people. Most of the time, though, I don't like them. Maybe it's just due to their cultural upbringing that most of them grow up to be prejudiced.

One of the reasons I resent whites is that they have this obsession about being superior to minorities. If you pay close attention to them when they speak, you can almost always catch a racist joke. Like, black people having Afros and something about America not being the Motherland and how all Hispanics are wetbacks. They also almost always call every single Hispanic person Mexican which, for all ignorant people, we aren't. I just happen to be El Salvadorean, not Mexican even though Mexicans are also Hispanic. This doesn't mean that everyone who looks Hispanic is Mexican or wears a beanie, or a hairnet. And I am also sick of being thought of as a minority because first of all, Latinos make up a large percent of the population and second, nobody is pure American unless you're a 100% Native American. And, I might add, I am 100% Salvadorean, and at least that makes me 100% something rather than being some white mutt who can't say what his ethnic background is in under five minutes.



"It's bad someone lost a business...but we don't need another ethnic group to come down & take money out of our community. If we don't do something about it, then shame on us." -AFRICAN-AMERICAN STOREOWNER



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だと思えます。
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The Angry Minority

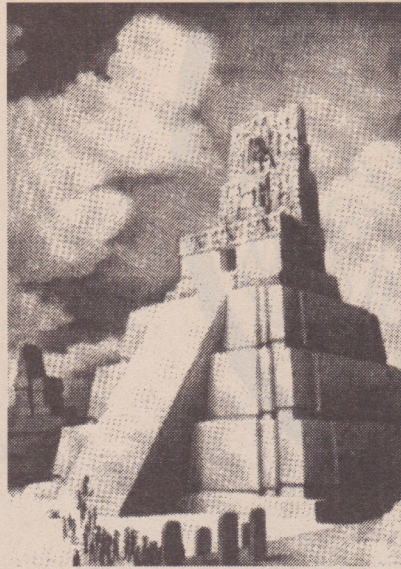
By KERIN MORATAYA

I learned a lot about myself during the riots. It's funny how it took something of that magnitude to set me straight on my true feelings of "equality". I had originally intended this article to be an explanation of why we should view everyone the same, and how prejudices only get in the way. But instead, it has turned into a collection of thoughts — some connected, some confused. But almost all of them have to do with the anger I have at the treatment of Hispanics and the resentment I have for whites.

Let's start with the most current events. During the riots, I found myself agreeing with a lot of what minorities were saying and doing. After years of oppression and discrimination, I felt that people were justified in burning buildings even though it was morally wrong. Peaceful demonstrations have done virtually nothing to eliminate the daily harassments minorities have to suffer, so maybe this large scale violent demonstration will make people understand that we are fed up. All these Affirmative Action and EOP programs of the late '60s aren't enough and, more importantly, have no power outside the workplace. Although I feel sympathy for all who were victims, the chance minorities got to vent their feeling and frustrations, and instigate possible change, should vindicate them.

After the riots, the INS, working with the LAPD, began making sweeps of undocumented Latinos and deporting them, using the looting as a justification (the two agencies are prohibited by law from working together). Although a number of undocumented Latinos participated in looting stores, I doubt that number equaled the amount of people they deported. Although some whites might argue that "illegals" have no business being in this country, I think that these people have as much of a right to have a comfortable life and decent living conditions as white Americans do. These tired arguments of how "illegals" take away jobs from American citizens are so ludicrous. In some cases it may be true, but I doubt anyone besides an "illegal" would take the jobs offered. How many whites do you see standing by freeways selling fruit or out in fields picking it?

A few months ago, I read about an incident up in Northern California involving white fruit growers. INS officials broke into this huge encampment and found undocumented Latinos being held against their will in inhumane conditions, forced to be the slaves of the owners of this "plantation". The "slavemasters" paid them something like \$1/hour and threatened them with deportation if they tried to escape. The incident repeated itself shortly after, in a different part of the state. For days I walked around in a blind rage. I have heard of so many "illegals" who are taken advantage of and, after they are paid \$5 for a day of hard labor, they can do nothing but return to the corner where they all congregate to wait for another job. My father picked up one of these guys five years ago. The guy had nothing to his name. The other day he came to visit and he now has his own apartment, car and has a steady job. He told me people like my dad are saints and a rarity. My dad pays them well, gives them clothes, food, bonuses, and takes them to free clinics if they became sick. At first I thought he did this out of humanity, that the fact that he too was Hispanic had nothing to do with it. When I expressed this to my brother, he blew up. "It has everything to do with being Hispanic," he began. "Do you honestly think ANY white person would treat an illegal that way? You can't trust white people, Kerin. They are all out to exploit you in some way or



another. The whole 'equality' thing is shit. They don't believe it and manipulate situations so that you end up serving them. They always will." I would listen to him in disbelief until I remembered family members who paid to be smuggled into this country in a car trunk just to pick fruit for \$3.00 an hour and I began to see logic in my brother's words. But how can someone harbor feelings of distrust for and still befriends with "whites"? Let me tell you, it's a precarious situation.

Although the fact that they are white usually has no bearing on my relationships with my friends, there are times when it does come into play. I had this particular friend who was in the banking business and would revel in telling me about this "stupid" minority whom he had totally reamed with commission and points. Of course his clients (more like victims) would have no choice but to sign for his loans, having been turned down by other lending institutions. Since my parents are victims of a similar ordeal in which they lost their home, I found it hard to share his enthusiasm. He also made a habit out of telling racist jokes insisting that I

shouldn't be offended because he didn't view me as any race, I was just his friend. I would have told him white jokes, but I couldn't recall ever hearing any. We stopped talking a few months ago because he claimed I was being "too ethnic". I guess, in his opinion, that meant I finally spoke out against the racial slurs he was so fond of using.

There is so much more that I could go on about. Like, how I *hate* it when whites call any Hispanic they see a "Mexican". Why not ask instead of assuming what country we're from? People who do this are so ignorant. They are dismissing our numerous cultures and accepting the stereotypical Hispanic image — tortillas, beans, and Mariachi hats. If that's the way you see us, you've watched too many Pancho Villa movie marathons.

The biggest influences that have contributed to my anti-white feelings are my parents. They have lived in this country for almost thirty years, and have worked hard for what they have, which isn't much. They have never been on unemployment, never filed for welfare. My father used to work twenty hour days, five times a week to support us. He's never had a long vacation, or owned a new car. I have seen them turned down for jobs because of their accents, I have seen scam-artists try to get their money because of their poor command of the English language, and I have seen them lose their home of 15 years to a White American Corporation (I hope you rot in hell, Beneficial). And still, they believe in this country. I guess they just have more patience than me, or maybe they think that my generation will be the one to stop the racism.

People should just strike the word "equality" from their vocabularies. There will never be equality, it's impossible. I think that we (whites and minorities) should instead aim for understanding and compassion. If we understood each other better, learned about each other's cultures and what makes us tick, we'd be less inclined to hurt each other. However, I believe that white people need to take the first step (and *not* in the shape of yet another Welfare plan). Minorities have fought hard for personal rights, social reform and equal employment opportunities. Now, it's the the majority's turn to begin the fight for understanding among all our races. We can't do it alone.



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COP SHOOT COP

Although no (six string) guitars have ever been present, from the beginning Cop Shoot Cop set forth to create their own twisted vision of rock and roll. Often combining the anti-social bleeding hatred of early Swans with the complex, often climactic symphony of chaos, most comparable to prime Foetus.

Conversation began with me inquiring about the first time I saw them in Washington D.C. about three years ago.

By Krk, Don and Gina



(L TO R) PHIL PALEO, JACK NANTZ, CRIPPLE JIM, TOD A.

Krk: What do you guys think of these L.A. Riots?

Natz: I think it's the greatest thing that's happened in America in a long time.

Did you guys get to see any of the aftermath? I don't know how long you've been in town...

N: Within three hours of our getting here, we were put into handcuffs, and taken for terrorists. I don't know if you've seen our van. We're traveling around in a camouflage school bus. We bought it like that by the way. We bought it from some military enthusiast. We just happen to drive around in it. We got into town and accidentally parked the bus in front of Daryl Gates. We parked in front of his office, quite innocently enough, and proceeded to walk down the street to a restaurant past some armed military who we overheard radioing in something about "seven individuals walking by". We thought nothing of it and kept walking to the restaurant where we had dinner. We're just about finishing our food when six cops walk up to us, instruct us to put our hands on our head, stand up and march out single file. We get outside, and we're up against the wall of the restaurant. I take a look around and the whole block has been cut

off. There were police everywhere. Helicopters, the bomb squad - they told us it cost them \$8,000.

Did they arrest you guys?

N: They didn't arrest us. We were handcuffed for half an hour. The bomb squad went through our van. They're not very smart, are they? If I was going to put a bomb in front of the police commissioner's office, it wouldn't be in a giant camouflaged van and I wouldn't leave it with seven people, drinking beers walking by the military and I would go sit in a Japanese restaurant, attempting to detonate it from under the table.

What night is this?

Jim: Monday night, the first night the curfew was off. We were supposed to play that night at UCLA, but the show was cancelled.

N: So, in the end, within three hours of our being in L.A., we got paid \$500 to not play a show at UCLA, we cost the state \$8,000, ate a good meal, and went back to the hotel.

You were familiar with what was going on?

J: Yeah, we saw the news, but we were a bit skeptical.

They probably got a kick out of the name of the band.

N: Oh yeah. They found the t-shirts but they asked

more about the 666 we had written or stuck on the van somewhere.

Did you get to see anything else?

Tod: We drove around and saw some burned up buildings. Obligatory L.A. tour.

What did you think of it?

T: We didn't actually see any looting or things on fire like we did on T.V., but it was exhilarating.

Seems like NYC would have been the most hostile place of all.

Everyone: Yeah!

T: So much chaos on a normal work day...

People probably just yawned at it all. Everyone I speak to has such an amazingly different opinion...do you think it's done more bad than good? It seems like there's going to be so much tension now.

T: Well, look at it this way: the abortion issue. People march up and down, make all the peaceful protests they want, does anything happen? No. Stupid legislation still gets passed. Sometimes it feels like no matter what you say, you still don't have an effect on things and this (the riots) is one way of waking people up and have them take notice. It's sad that it has to go that far.

N: People are screaming that these demonstrators, these rioters and looters, are causing people to live in a state of "anarchy" or "chaos". The fact is millions of Americans live in a state of fear. They live around homicide constantly. It's fucking day to day life for people who live in the ghettos.

T: I wish it would have gone on to the point where they would have burned down Bogart's.

What's happened since 1989? When I saw you then, you were selling the Japanese twelve inch. How the hell did you get that deal?

N: I believe it was through Jon

WHITE NOISE



photo: Don Lewis

Spencer, an old friend of Tod's. He and Tod used to have an old band together called Shit House. They go back aways.

Was that before Pussy Galore?

N: Yeah... then, years later, down at Avenue B, Cop Shoot Cop and Pussy Galore were sharing a rehearsal space. It was actually Dig Dat Hole (pre Cop Shoot Cop project) at the time. Jon had some connection with this guy (name too complicated). They (Jon) had gone over there (Japan) and this guy really liked the tape, so that's how that came about. At the time nobody wanted to touch it (C.S.C.) with a ten foot pole. These guys in Japan really liked it. It was a really funny thing for us. We had played as far as Baltimore and Washington. Then suddenly we were playing Tokyo.

I was wondering if you got a trip to Japan out of that release?

N: Yeah, we went for a week. That record was made before I joined the band. I joined the band immediately after that and then we went to Japan. About as close to getting on another planet as you can get.

Were they into you guys?

N: Yeah. There were maybe 100-150 people at the shows.

It's amazing how they can afford to fly these bands there, treat them good, then fly them home, yet it's impossible to tour in the U.S.A.

N: Yeah, it was amazing. There were times I felt like

some kind of animal on exhibit. These guys kinda said, "Oh, look at this interesting little piece of shit on the Lower East Side. Let's just bring it over here on display. We can put it in a hotel." Like on "The Twilight Zone." "Thank you very much," then fly you back. Yeah, they treated us like royalty. It was pretty hysterical. It's pretty funny. The guy basically went broke. He owed a lot of people money, and has since gone into hiding. No one knows what's become of him.

So, that record's gone.

N: So, that's the story with the "Super Natural Organization" as they were called. From that point we hooked up with Ernie from Circuit Records who ... uh ... is probably a redundant issue.

Another person who went into hiding.

N: Yeah, pretty much another person that went bankrupt and into hiding.

The Vertical Records single came before...?

N: Before, I believe so.

Who's idea was it for the pig's blood on the sleeve?

N: I don't recall.

That seems to be what got you guys on the map. More so than the 12".

N: (laughing) It was a little more available. I think we just happened to have a gallon of pig's blood around. Also, there are about a hundred copies of that 7" around that have a little Polaroid of a black family, as it were. One photograph was slipped into each of the first hundred. It's just because while we were doing this in Tod's living room, splattering blood on records, we had this family album that we had found in the garbage out on the street. We thought, "Why not put a picture in each?" Like Cracker Jack.

OK, the Circuit album comes next. That was at least heard.

N: Yeah, about 3,500 copies were pressed of that.

Is that both CD and LP?

N: Only about 300 CDs. They sold fairly quickly, so we got on the phone and said, "Hey Ernie, how about doing another pressing?" He apparently had taken all the money and put it up his nose and didn't have anything to do another pressing

I LOVE LOTS OF ROCK N' ROLL MUSIC THAT HAS GUITAR IN IT. WHAT WAS BEHIND THAT WAS KIND OF A REPULSION FOR ALL THAT WAS PASSING FOR ALTERNATIVE UNDERGROUND CUTTING EDGE MUSIC. THAT WAS JUST VERY REMINISCENT TO US OF ... 1970s ROCK-HARD ROCK MUSIC. IF WHAT YOU'RE INTO PLAYING IS 1970s GUITAR ROCK MUSIC, FINE AND WELL. BUT DON'T FUCKING PASS IT OFF TO ME AS ALTERNATIVE ANYTHING. ALTERNATIVE TO WHAT? ... I GET AS MUCH OUT OF SUB POP, ANYTHING ON THE SUB POP LABEL, AS I WOULD A GOOD DOSE OF THORAZINE. NOTHING FOR ME.

with. That's now being re-issued on Big Cat.

I saw that. Why did you guys change the cover?

N: Why did we change the cover on that?

Tod: We couldn't get the original back from Circuit Records.

Was that the original tape?

T: Yeah, we had made a copy of the tape but the



photo: Don Lewis

artwork is different.

Does the new CD have the (Vertical) 7" as well?

T: No, it's exactly as it was - better album cover.

There was quite a long gap between that album and the new one. What were you guys doing between that time?

J: It took us a while to figure out who we were going to deal with on our next record.

N: We did a lot of playing out at that time. We recorded a demo, which Wax Trax found too punk rock. Really funny.

Is the demo the same exact thing as "White Noise"?

N: No. As a matter of fact, none of the same songs from the demo are on "White Noise".

Don: You were going to ask about why they hate interviews...

Yeah. I don't think I've ever read an interview with you guys where you seemed into it.

N: Well, it's basically hard to talk about music. Music ... you listen to it, you don't talk about it.

Yeah, but you guys seem to be surrounded by a lot of strong lyrics, graphics, and even the name Cop Shoot Cop takes quite a stand. Do you guys take a conscious stand?

N: I'm interested... I like to exhilarate people. I like to make 'em laugh. I like to infuriate people. I like to disturb them, but shocking people for its own sake is something I'm not interested in at all.

D: Your sound is very metallic. Here in L.A. there's a lot of "industrial" bands. This sounds more "industrial", more raw elements involved...

N: We're not very comfortable with that word. Industrial seems to be disco through a fuzz box, or at least what people are describing it today. I don't think we have very much in common with Throbbing Gristle, who I like a lot and consider to be a real industrial band. Real industrial music. It's funny, because in Europe, people really think we're artists or something. It's really hysterical. They throw these terms around like "avant-garde, post hardcore, expressionists, industrial, blah-blah-blah." You know, they wouldn't know a good rock n' roll band if it came up and bit them in the ass. I think that all we are is a rock n' roll band. It's 1992 and rock n' roll doesn't have to sound like fucking MC5 to be rock n' roll.

Is that where a song like "Smash Retro" becomes a heavy stand for you guys?

N: I love lots of rock n' roll music that has guitar in it. What was behind that was kind of a repulsion for all that was passing for alternative underground cutting edge music. That was just very reminiscent to us of ... 1970s rock-hard rock music. If what you're into playing is 1970s guitar rock music,

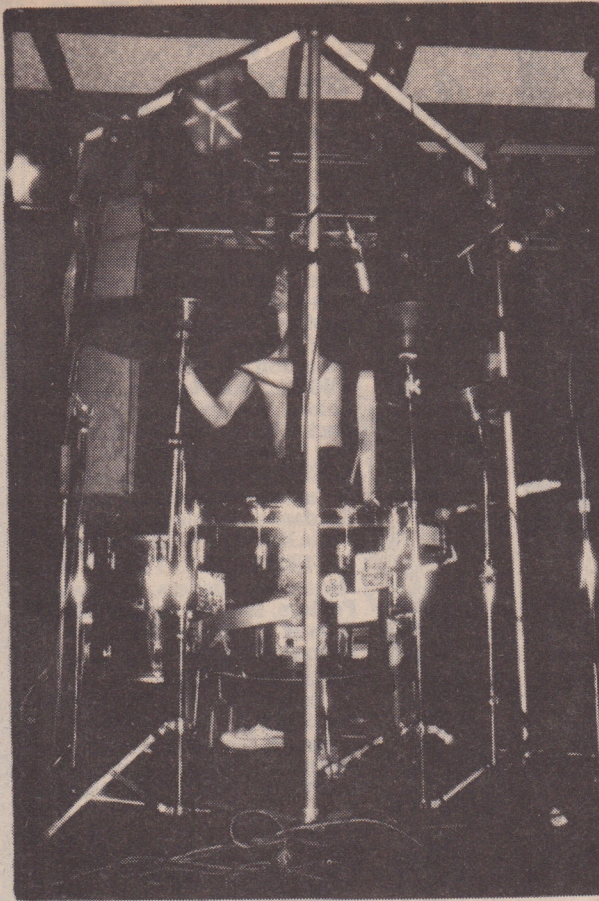


photo: Don Lewis

fine and well. But don't fucking pass it off to me as alternative anything. Alternative to what? Underground cutting edge new music. I get as much out of Sub Pop, anything on the Sub Pop label, as I would a good dose of Thorazine. Nothing for me.

So, do you guys feel comfortable playing something quoted as the "New Music Seminar"?

N: Well, what do you think? You were at the show? No, playing the N.M.S. is like being a go-go dancer shaking your tits on stage, hoping to titillate and please the big cheese bosses so they'll go and dangle lots of money in front of you. So that's what we were doing in taking the piss out of that.

That's exactly why I wondered why you guys, of all current bands would play those shows, especially headline.

N: Why we would do it at all? Uh, well...we were asked to do it repeatedly, so that's the approach we took when we did it.

Were you guys asked by your label or the seminar?

N: The seminar.

D: Why not do it? It's a great intro. Madonna got her start like that.

N: These people's jobs are to scope out new music, what a great fucking job. You know if you're interested in new music, what a great fucking job to have. Why should you have it catered to you for

the course of one week where you have six bands in one night ... I mean, it just makes bands so completely fucking competitive. Bands are walking up and down Ave. A poster over each other's posters like begging for what (time) slot on this night. Friends become very competitive. I don't understand how anyone can retain anything. Like, if you were to go see 45 movies in one week, tell me about one of them, one week later. People cabbing between 4-5 clubs per night, catching 15 bands a night, pounding free drinks down for a week...it's just a drag!

D: Did anything come out of it?

K: Did you get paid?

N: No! We got paid twelve dollars for that show.

How did Big Cat come along?

N: I'm not sure.

That label seems to have come out of nowhere.

N: They sort of did. It was kind of a perplexing thing for us since their track record was doing EMF and part of Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine's first album. Why they liked us, was kind of confusing at first. They had done a record with Lydia, The Harry Crews album, and some stuff with Thirlwell. Both of those folks gave them a big thumbs up when we asked them what

they thought of the label. They said they're really good, and they have been. They've given us a fair shake. Everything's been 50/50. There's been some problems with distribution but ...it's being taken care of.

You got so many comparisons to Thirlwell on "Consumer Revolt," I'm surprised you had him produce some of "White Noise".

N: Well, he's a friend.

Not that he didn't do a good job.

N: Yeah, he's a damn good producer. I don't think he put a giant Jim Thirlwell thumb print on top of it.

Where did those two Warton Tiers tracks come from on "Consumer Revolt"?

N: They came from "Headkick Facsimile". They were originally on that.

Any reason for the switch of producers?

N: From Warton Tiers to Martin Bisi? Well yeah, Martin is a better producer. I mean, I like Warton a lot...Martin's has a much better set up. We were able to afford something a bit better, so we went for it. Warton is good, but it's a 16 track studio and it's a small space. Martin has 24. We'll use 'em all up easily. We have fun in the studio.

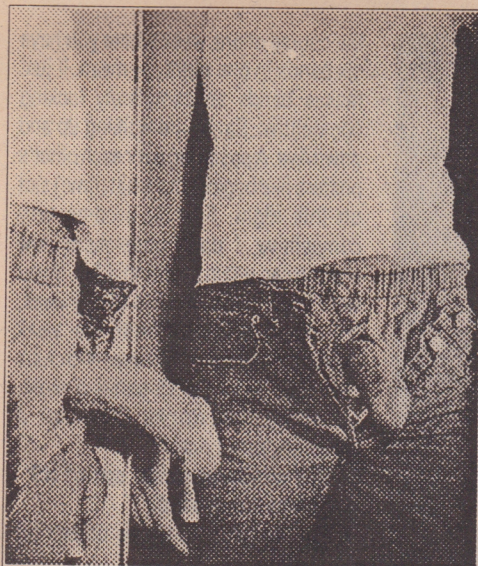
T: We're going to record as soon as we get back.

For Big Cat as well?

T: We haven't decided yet. It's looking...

N: Undecided.

T: We have more options this time. We've saved up some dough and are ready to go back in the studio.



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WE CAME
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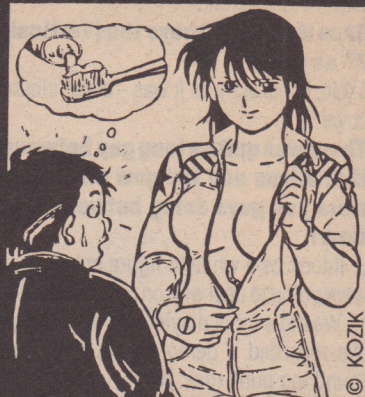
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Do you think the environment that you live in has had an influence on the type of music you write? That environment could mean the cities you grew up in, the schools that you went to, the kind of scene, the weather.

Scott: I think most of all just isolation. There's nothing else to do. We practice a lot, hang out, we're always together, that sort of thing. And there's not a lot of shows, there's not a big scene. It's getting really cool, now, within the last year or so.

Brian: Pretty much we know what kind of music we like, and there's not that much of that kind of music, like other bands playing where we live. So we mainly do it because we want to hear it. And we're glad people there like it.

But you get a lot of bands touring through Albuquerque. Jesus Lizard always goes through there. I know a lot of Touch and Go bands go through there.

Keith: Actually, not really. Most of the shows, Allen does most of the booking, and it seems like as far as touring bands, and the sort of '90s punk or whatever, hardly ever came to Albuquerque until the last year or so, since we've been doing shows.

Jason: Basically, Allen really has incredible good insight into music...

Who is Allen?

J: Allen is his partner/best friend. He's the fifth member of the band. He's the fifth wheel.

B: I'd almost say manager.

Does he run Resin?

J: Allen and Keith.. He just decided he was going to book shows and bring the bands that he wanted to hear to play in Albuquerque, at any cost. And so now there are a lot of kids in Albuquerque who love to go see just about any guitar damage type band on any given night of the week. But it wasn't that way before. There just wasn't anything like that going on.

Maybe you could tell me, Jason, a little bit about the things you write about.

J: Well, actually, it's mostly just the importance of realizing there's more than one perspective to most things, just trying to keep yourself open or porous.

Do you hear the music first and then write lyrics to that or how...

J: Usually I just start singing along with it, then I change it, and keep changing it.

S: Either Brian or Keith, or me or Jason might have two different parts that go good together, and that's sort of how

we do it. That's just the basis of it. It seems to take a long time to come up with those, and once we do then it's easy to just all make up the rest of it. We're having a problem with a lot of the people that come to see our shows, like if they see us at repeat times, a lot of times, we don't play the same songs that often, because we're always writing new songs and throwing out old ones.

B: We're just trying to mature and progress. Songs that we've written six months ago that we thought were great, now we're sort of, 'Nah, let's stop playing that'. We can write something better.

K: It's a process. But a lot of our stuff's just a bad process.

So you have three songs on a 7" on Resin, and then another song on a compilation on Resin. What...

J: It's actually two songs.

Two songs? And those were all recorded at the same time, or at different times?

J: The first song was recorded about a year before the other one, when we had another bass player.

B: Before I was in the band.

J: But the cool thing thought is that Brian actually wrote the original riff. It was his idea. It just cemented the fact that that was the better way to be doing it.

B: I lived next door to them. But I was in another band and I always heard them and I was like "Oh, I could play bass for them".

K: Brian used to play in a hardcore band. They actually played at Rhino Records.

What was that band?

B: It was called Still Life.

K: They opened up for Jawbreaker.

B: You know how we talked about progression, change, maturing...

S: It's just really weird in New Mexico if you're growing up and you're not exactly a complete mainstream person, regardless of what type of difference there is from you and the main stream. You're just going to be so isolated for a great part of your life until you figure out who the other ten people in the small town are that think like you do.

J: Plus there's no really good record stores around there.



photo: Don Lewis

There's not a single good store... Well, Bow Wow— but it's not that good.

How about radio? Do you hear stuff on the radio?

J: Ah, Las Cruces, CRUX, that's New Mexico State. They have a really good station. And there's a show on Wednesday night...

B: One night a week, for three hours,

S: At two in the morning.

K: Maximum rock n' roll at two or something.

B: So it's not where you're in a bigger city where you can hear that all day. You gotta stay up on Wednesday until two o'clock just to listen to the radio.

K: So you pretty much don't listen to the radio. I mean the music that we all have in common that we like to listen to is all things that each one of us showed the other. Like finding an Iggy Pop record in southern New Mexico is like finding gold just sitting there on the ground. It was almost impossible to do.

What are some of your upcoming releases going to be?

K: With the material that we recorded now, we're going to do another Resin single. It should be out as soon as we can send the data off. And then the Sub Pop single in a month which should be out for January. It'll actually be out in November if you're part of the little club. But, aside from that...

I noticed in the live show that...

"WE WERE SIMPLY OVERWHELMED. WE ARE DOING EVERYTHING IN OUR POWER" —DARYL GATES

BEN IS DEAD 43

J: I drop my sticks a lot?

Uh, I saw them flying, but you recovered without a flaw. That most of your songs, or some of your songs have some breaks in them. Tell me about that style.

S: We just kind of got into it because we improvise a lot on that stop and then sort of go back into it if the feeling's there.

B: We've gotta watch each other

S: Keith might take a really long time to do it one time, to come back in.

K: So I have to count like ten seconds as opposed to four. We got kind of worried because we were going to record. Scott was a worried because we didn't know if I was going to be in another room

What do you like about that effect of that break, that kind of like coming to the edge of a cliff thing?

K: To me it's just like a check. Does it sound good? Are people really paying attention? And when I'm listening to it, it does the same thing to me. It reminds me that I'm listening to something. It just sounds good. Silence for it's own sake

S: As a sort of tension release, pulley sort of thing.

B: I think mainly it's good just so that we know we can actually all stop and start together. I guess it sort of makes us feel good.

S: We're always together though. We're like best friends. It's almost predictable when we are writing a song. I just look at them and I do this, and they know I'm going to stop.

K: And then we always stand around for thirty minutes arguing over what we're going to do next.

Was it when you went out on your last tour and hit Seattle that this whole Sub Pop single came about?

S: Actually we opened up for this band who was supposedly going to have a record out on Sub Pop. And they really sucked really bad. But Jon...

Who are they?

S: They were called Known. They have a record out on C/Z. Total cock rockers, but I guess Jonathan had gotten their tape and he thought it was really cool and told Bruce, "Yeah let's do a record." And then they actually saw them that night and they were... And we opened for them, and Jonathan dug it.

This was where?

K: At the Vogue in Seattle. And he was like, "Yeah this is really cool," and he got our single, got our number. And then me and Allen and Scott went to South-By-Southwest just to represent the label, and we ran into him at this one hotel where they were having free cocktails and all the sleaze buckets were drinking the free beers.

B: If you had one of the pass keys to the door you could have all the drinks you wanted from four 'til seven.

S: And we ran into him there. We hooked up with him and talked. He called us up and he said he wanted to see us play. They came out about three or four weeks ago. And they dug it, and they want to do the single.

That's great.

S: We'll see what happens.

How did that tour where you actually went to Seattle go? What were some of the memorable parts of it or bad things?

S: Playing with metal bands.

K: We had a couple of really good shows on the way. Portland at the Catyricon was like a metal night, but the people really liked it anyways. And the soundman was really good, and it was really loud. And so I had a really



photo: Don Lewis

good time. The Gaslight was really good, except Jason's amp blew up, with two songs to go.

J: Our clutch burnt out on that tour, too.

B: In Yakima, Washington. We've grown immune to mishap. It's because everything, even driving to southern New Mexico to Las Cruces to play, there's always some amazing thing that goes wrong. On this trip, we're driving in and we're half way between Needles and Barstow. I'm sleeping, just totally enjoying waking up in L.A., not remembering the last five hours. And the van just quit. It just turned off. And we coasted to the side of the road.

K: Kind of the stop/start effect.

S: And we get out and we don't know what's possibly wrong with it. And the best thing we can come up with after everything is that we're out of gas, even though it sounds like there's gas. Brian's shaking the car saying "I think there's gas in there," and knocking on the liner. And Jason goes out into the street, starts waving at everyone, trying to get someone to stop. And finally a semi pulls over. The trucker was a Christian. Brian can tell you about the trucker.

Did he preach to you right there on the spot?

S: Well he said, "What are you guys, playing in a rock band?" I said, "No, we play in a punk rock band." He said, "Get out of here. I bet you're the drummer." And I said yeah and he said, "I play drums myself." So I said we're obviously out of gas and he said, "Well, it's 60 miles to the next city." He's like, "I can pull you guys." We thought he had a pulley or a U-haul kind of thing. What other options did we have, trapped in the center of the fucking desert? So he pulls out this chain and he hooks it up to our van. The car was

about five feet behind the truck after the chain was on both vehicles. And Jason had to steer and brake the van while he towed us. He promised to only go 50, but Brian can verify that he was going almost 70 at times and terrifying us.

B: Meanwhile I'm in the cab and he gets the CB and turns it on to the PA and he's all, "Yeah man I sing. I want to audition for your guys' band." He's sort of joking, so he puts in Air Supply and just jams the stereo. This tall distorted man. And I'm busy watching to see if these guys have flipped over. And so he starts singing along with Air Supply and he knew about 70% of the words. So he's all "LA LA LA" and he'd distort it where he didn't know the words. And he's all, "Pretty good, pretty good, huh?" And I said, "Yeah. You know thanks a lot for helping us out." And he said, "Well, you know, I sing for the Lord, so I figure I'll sing for other people."

S: Meanwhile, we're fucking having the ride of our lives. And he was supposed to take us to the first actual city or gas station. And we're like, "We've made it!" I mean we've gone up and down all these hills and skipping in the air, and Jason's this far from hitting him. And the guy was totally unaware of what was going on. He was too occupied with singing these songs. It was like The Twilight Zone or something. We're hooked on this fucking...

K: ride to hell.

S: So anyway, we get to the gas station, and Jason's like, "Yeah we made it," and he fucking passes it! And we're like, "Oh my god, it is the Twilight Zone. He's going to slice Brian's neck..."

B: Yeah, I was waiting for someone to come out of the sleeper cabin and grab me by the neck and pull me back.

S: He was so caught up in his stories.

K: Jason flashed his lights and he finally pulled over. And he said, "Well, you know, it's only another 30 miles to Barstow just let me tow you the rest of the way guys!!"

S: He said, "How was it back here?" I said, "Pretty spooky man."

K: And he's said "Well do you want to keep going or not?" and clapped his hands. And I'm like "No man".

So were you out of gas? Was that the thing?

S: No. The coil wire had shaken loose from the distributor cap.

B: All we had to do was look at the engine and see that a wire wasn't connected and put it back on.

S: But of course the only thing we forgot, of everything we could have possibly brought, we remembered even the most idiotic stupid things to bring like electric razors and things like that, but we forgot to bring a flashlight.

Crucial thing... So, what are some of the things that you do in your free time, when your not playing?

S: Me personally: drink and shoot pool. Play video games. We have John Madden football and we all play it against each other.

B: I don't have a TV.

K: Brian reads constantly.

That's pretty cool you have your own house. Has that helped getting things together as a band?

B: I've lived next door to these guys for the longest time. And I knew all these guys. I was just getting tired of living in the same actual house. It's small like a rectangle and it always reminded me of a mobile home. And I'd walk in the door and walk straight to my room.

K: It's a shot gun shack.

S: It's a neat house though. We have a huge basement on a busy street, so we can practice any time we like and no one really cares. It's got wood floors and tons of windows.

S: Albuquerque's ideal. It's pretty cheap to live there. And so with day jobs we can do what we want.



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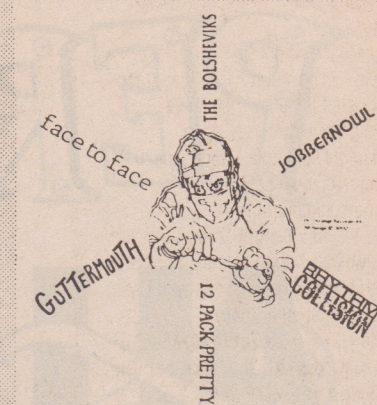
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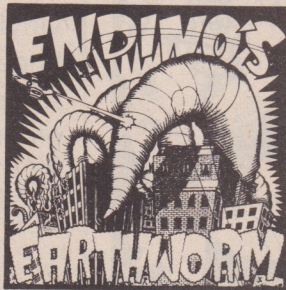
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TORTURE CHORUS*

BY MIKKI HALPIN

It is dangerous to un-mask images, since they dissimulate the fact that there is nothing behind them.

Jean Baudrillard,
Simulations

[A] type of discourse that abandons logic, reason, sequence, and rules of contradiction. In aesthetics, I believe the name given to this theory is Dadism; in philosophy, nihilism; in psychiatry, schizophrenia. In the parlance of the theater, it is known as vaudeville.

Neil Postman, *Amusing Ourselves to Death*

In Los Angeles today, myths are under daily assault. Concepts which underlie the social structure of America have been proven false through such media as the Rodney King video tape and other alternative news sources. A population suffering from malathion poisoning and severe drought may come to question the iconic friendly farmer we once colored in crayon (always trying to stay within the lines).

Tongues planted firmly in cheek, Torture Chorus is out to work within this questionable space. Few performance artists, though Holman and his partner, Clam Lynch, would shudder at the term, are ready to do their work on a bill between, say, Celebrity Skin and Ethyl Meatplow, or opening for L7 on New Year's Eve. The point of making the show entertaining and entering the rock arena is, as Stephen Holman states, that "You can laugh and still recognize horror." Like many contemporary theorists, they want to explore "the complex web of disguised hypocrisies that we create in order to conceal the frightening conditions of humanity from ourselves." Much of this achieved because Tor-



(L TO R) CLAM LYNCH AND STEPHEN HOLMAN

ture Chorus doesn't set out to deconstruct the myths that comprise their medium, but to point up their fraudulence by simply re-presenting them.

The stage is full with large, brightly painted constructions: a bureau, a clock, an overstuffed chair. Each reveals in some way the human being which occupies the grotesque costume, whether it is arms or legs which protrude. A pair of buzzing, annoying insects circulate as the music begins and the parents enter the stage. Ignoring the tortured presence of their daughter, Clarabelle (played by Holman), they discuss the difficulties of parenting and walk the audience through a day in the life of a normal, happy family. As the mailman, the postman, the grocery man, and others come to visit (strewing both the stage and the audience with pailfuls of their wares), Sheriff John (played by Clam Lynch) emphasizes a musical dictum to his daughter: Laugh and Be Happy. She grows more and more agitated as the cacophony of buzzing, moralizing, and visiting rises, combined with the feverish sets — and often riotous audience — until she is disciplined and forcibly sent to bed, only to rise again and rebel against her parent with, of course, a guitar.

In much the same way that a clown's painted smile can be both amusing and a reminder of the

facades we put forth to perpetuate a homologous, smiling society, Theater Carnivale is both a bedtime story and a grim allegory of blindness and death. The parents ignore the true nature and speech of their child, attempting to sedate her with smiles and behavior patterns, so she will be able to function — and enjoy the constrictions. When Clarabelle protests, or points out

the inadequacies of her parents' philosophy, she is extinguished.

Where do you come up with the ideas, and why are so many of your shows about children?

Clam Lynch: We take a lot from Christian, old moral records, and some stuff we're doing now that is so out there by itself it doesn't really need to ... records that were put out as very normal, you know, "This is the norm, you should have your kids listen to it." And if you listen to it now, you know, it's really scary.

Stephen Holman: You start thinking about the stuff that's being put out now as normal, like newspictures and you start realizing ... I guess the song thing and the whole children's thing are just like a phase we're going through. It's not like it will always be like this. It's just like a massive ... I've been picking up records by bands who do kid stuff recently, to sort of check out what they're doing. It's interesting to compare. Other bands have done this sort of thing, like cover kids songs, but I think our interest in it stems more from ... using it as vehicles to explore these fears and horrible stuff we've been through, and what other people we know have been through. Stuff that these songs either cover up or make some comment about. We use them as vehicles,

we're not doing some wacky cover of old kids songs. CL: It seems like a lot of them, are mostly about smiling, being happy at any cost, reward at the end of pain, that you'll be grateful for the reward, which is timely, because everyone is telling you that now, "laugh and be happy"

SH: It's creepy crawly. Even when you're a kid they're lying to you.

CL: It's everything. Television, movies, everything is to distract you from what's going on. These songs are here, they just fit perfectly with what's happening.

SH: The audience sees you, they see these big huge crazy things and these big hats and doing kids songs, they're going "ha ha ha." They grasp it immediately and they think they know what's going on and then you can give them a bit more. People like kid stuff, adults love nostalgia, and then you can play with it and piss the hell out of them.

CL: I want it to be in more spectacle than a show. Rock is part of that culture. Gazzarri's was our first show!

SH: Total rock show. Bands on either side of us and we needed energy. Theater has more subtlety, a quiet audience who are watching carefully. We still want to deal with detailed psychological stuff, but on another level. You have to creep it in, not be really careful about it. I see the potential of doing this in rock language or shock theater and it has more potential without the stodgy theatrical intellectual terms coming into play, which in my previous work I was never really into, but it was more that way. So I sort of gave up that intellectual side of it and swapped for this massive energy.

What about shock, the concept of shocking performances? That's a big thing in the art world today.

SH: I think these days it's boring. Having been brought up on that kind of stuff, that's not shocking, it's been around for ten years. There's still some people, like Joe Coleman, whose physical presence in his performing is exploding literally in your face, so you're shocked in a literal way. But people taking their clothes off and rubbing food on their body parts doesn't interest me at all. There has to be something more. It's like a language, with shock, you've got to go further. Otherwise it's boring.

CL: People doing "shock" or what is considered shocking, it's gotten to the point now that I think it's really predictable. I think what we're doing is taking on a real life situation. It's shocking, but it's true. We don't rely on cutting myself or dumping a bunch of meat over myself and then saying something. The Sheriff John character, it's like a demented clown that really to me personally, exposes these morals, that as a child I was told... certain things to do and certain ways to act. To me that's more shocking than anything anyone could do. Using that as a vehicle I really think it works. There's this first initial 'what the hell is this?'

SH: And then there's something behind even that.

CL: That's the exciting part about doing it in a rock show, because you want to keep people's attention within the plot. They're ready for rock and roll, so you have to have this spectacle. The exciting part is once you get their attention, to actually do something, not to bore them. We use children's music and these moralistic viewpoints, we're trying to say something to them.

"Now we have your attention, this is the way people are, and it's scary."

That's the shocking thing for you guys? The unmasking?

SH: It's using a two layer shock system. First there's like "Wow, what the hell is that?" That's just the visual impact, and there's the underlying shock, the really deep part of the shock, which is what's missing in the stuff people think is boring. There's nothing there, there's nothing underneath.

I told Clam earlier, it's like Rodney King. You're taught to admire these cops and you see a video of them killing someone.

SH: Yes. That just blows away any artist.

CL: You're supposed to trust those people, and in the show, you're supposed to trust us. To me, what I look like is what I see those people as. As very scary people. Initially it's to get people's attention, it's exaggerated and giant and then... It's frightening that you're supposed to trust these people. All these people coming to your house. In one show we just have these men who come to your house, it's a song "the men who come to our house, to our house." And it's a really frightening song about these men who come into your house and do things. You're supposed to trust them, and they spend a little time with Mommy, and whatever they do.

A children's song?

CL: Yes a children's song, a kind of a trusting song. But who are these people?

SH: To kind of go back a bit, what's so bad about the time we're living in right now, these shocking artists are basically being used by the government as scapegoats. Because they're not the shocking things and yet they're being made out to be the shocking thing by the government. The government says "This is shocking. What we're doing isn't shocking, but this is." And that's what's so scary and dangerous right now, that someone like Karen Finley, she smears chocolate on her naked body, compared to what you said, the Rodney King beating, that's shocking. But she seems in a way to be losing out because she's kind of setting herself up to the public as the scapegoat and then the government, they're using her. She's not scaring them, they're using her. That's why I think it's not very great for artists to be literally shocking, because you're fitting into the niche they want you to fit into. And doing the kind of stuff we're doing is just kind of dealing with the stuff that's the really scary stuff. I guess I'm mad at the audience.

You mean at your shows?

SH: No. I mean the kind of situations in which shocking performance artists usually perform. Like, "I'm so proud of myself, I've come to see this shocking thing." I'd much rather see a rock crowd yelling "Fuck you," that's a way more honest reaction.

What I find sinister about your shows is the clown thing. I can't believe that kids like clowns. To me it's so evil that they have to smile all the time.

CL: I like clowns, but I'm really afraid of them. I think

I LIKE CLOWNS, BUT I'M REALLY AFRAID OF THEM. I THINK THEY'RE GREAT, AND THEY'RE A SIGN OF THE TIMES, TOO. I ALWAYS PUT ON MY CLOWN MAKEUP AND THEN KIND OF HALF SMEAR IT OFF.

they're great, and they're a sign of the times, too. I always put on my clown makeup and then kind of half smear it off, I never would draw on a whole smile. You just don't know who these people are and they're supposed to represent goodness. I like that, I like to use it, that there's this goodness. I don't go for the full clown thing. It's essence of clown.

What I fear about clowns is also what makes them interesting: they represent the threat of mimicry—that it's a double, that it's representation on the loose. Their smiles may simulate reality but they also emphasizes their status as painted form. Perhaps there is some

sort of irrational human fear that mimicry can actually murder the real, that representation may come to be idolized rather than what it represents. This is what caused the images to be driven from the temples.

The prankster, in many cultures, is an adept of disguise and mimesis but, conversely, is also a visionary and an oracle who can reveal many things. This connection between deception and revelation is one of the most overloaded in our overrepresented, oversaturated media culture. The stage also is a place of transfiguration, shifts in subjectivity, roleplaying—a place of artificiality—cordoned off, separate from "real life." The action is behind a curtain, but also of life and interacting with it, embroidering it. Scholars have traced the connection between such blurring of identity and impartation of theatrical truth back to the oracle at Delphi and even to that master of Western wisdom, Socrates himself, who often drew a cloak over his head before speaking—a peculiarly feminine gesture in homoerotic Greek society. Performance and preaching, artifice and truth, a painted smile and a "real" one, are the two sides of the cloak's cloth, woven together in a type of transvestism which associates mimicry with chaos, femininity, doubling, and hysteria, a carnival-like aesthetic which puts a monkeywrench in the Platonic ideal of art.

Throughout the Torture Chorus narrative, as the bureaus wiggle and Clarabelle is agonizingly socialized, one is constantly waiting for the mayhem to erupt, for the parents to lose power and the shit to hit the fan (which quite literally does happen). That's the fun, and also the substance of their work. Certainly, one doesn't expect each child to go home in a newly purchased L7 t-shirt with thoughts of radical change in the structures of everyday life. But within this society of sameness, even a brief, hysterical respite between bands is a blessing.

*Torture Chorus has also performed under the name "Theater Carnivale."

Note: This article was written before the acquittal of the four officers who beat Rodney King. Clam Lynch and Stephen Holman are currently at work on a CD which will be distributed in this country by Subterranean and Charnel House. They will be touring Japan in the fall.

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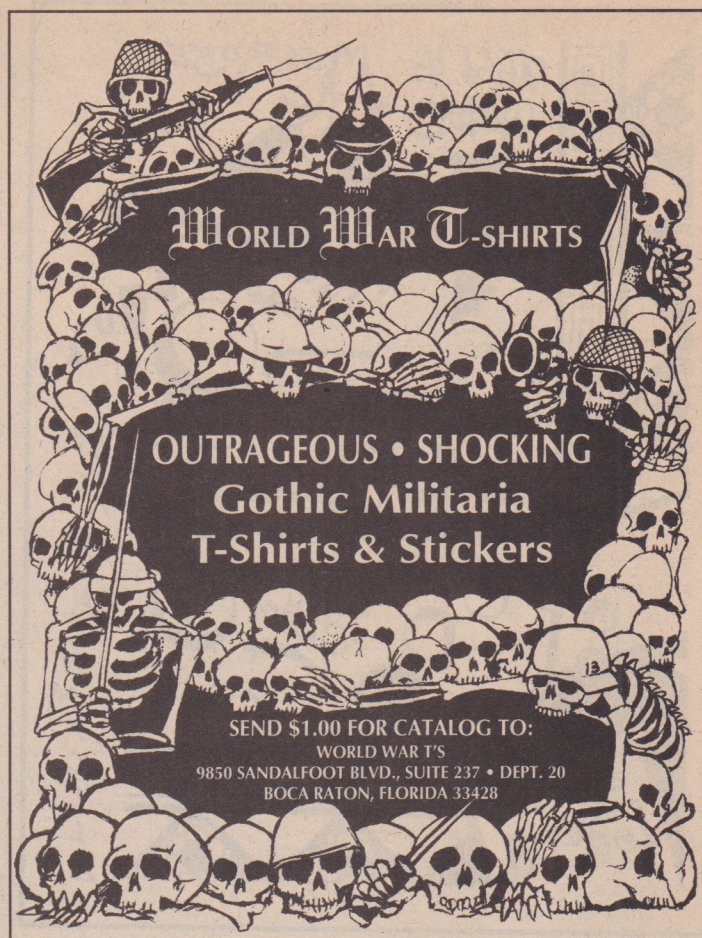
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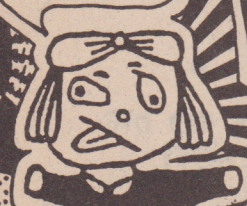


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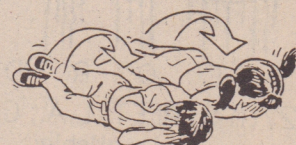
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CURTIS YORK SPEAKS OUT ON MULTICULTURALISM

(THIS IS A LETTER THAT WAS SENT TO BID AND SEVERAL OTHER PUBLICATIONS RECENTLY, IN RESPONSE TO AN EDITORIAL IN HIGH PERFORMANCE WRITTEN BY LINDA BURNHAM. IT HAS BEEN EDITED, AND CURTIS YORK APPROVED THE FINAL COPY)

Let me begin by saying that I believe any individual or organization which is making any attempt to combat racism in our society deserves encouragement and admiration. Racism is one of the various divisive human constructs which, in addition to political patriotism, classism, sexism and religions which glorify one group of people while condemning all others, negate the possibility that human cultures could ever be at one and at peace. I would also like to point out that racism is a problem which resides in every American, including, in my opinion, (are you sitting down?) the co-founders of Highways Performance space, Linda Burnham and Tim Miller...

I have for some time been angered by the base exploitation of "people of color" and "the gay community" under the banner of "multiculturalism in the arts" being waved by carpetbagging white organizations, including Highways. Art organizations exploit the popular issues of race and racism to snag the big grant bucks while ignoring the merit of the work of artists as individuals and lumping together large, vaguely connected human subsets to sell magazines and festivals...

As a "gay" man, I am often offended when I read articles in which generalizations are made about how "gay" people "are". I also am annoyed by continuous references to "THE" gay community. When I flip through a gay rag or pick up a gay porn magazine, I am often reminded that not only do I not fit into mainstream society, I don't cut it as a fag. Fags have overdeveloped bodies from working out at the Sports Connection in pastel togs. Fags invest in real estate. Fags take lengthy cruises around the world in search of meaningless flings. Fags picket the openings of movies they have never seen. Fags try to appear more heterosexual than heterosexual men do...

I find it very difficult to believe that I automatically have anything at all in common with, for example, the hollow and meaningless models who appear in most 976 advertisements; the men who take out personal advertisements in search of a "straight acting" companion, Jeffrey Dahmer, or the president of NAMBLA...

Also a lie is the idea that each member of a given ethnic group is a member of the same "community" or "culture"; that an art event becomes "multicultural" when one or

more of their performers participating is non-White; it is repeatedly implied that non-White artists are somehow intrinsically different from their white counterparts, while at the same time identical to the other members of their own "community" to the degree that all of Black culture can be represented by a single Black artist, all of Asian culture can be represented by a single Asian artist, etc...

Is not each and every form of communication by every individual in some way an expression of many cultural influences that make up their life experience? Does there exist a person who is influenced only by a single culture...?

Even as I resent being grouped together with all other males whose sexual behavior is vaguely similar to my own, one might wonder if some of the "artists of color" resent being mashed into the same mold as other artists of their same(?) ethnicity. Well, yes, they do. The "artists of color" whom I have discussed this with have expressed to me that they share my concern over this misrepresentation of their identities...

What about the recently presented "Black December": a month long festival of black art by black artists? Was it fair to present an entire month of black art? What if the predominantly white, middle class audience had had a craving to see some asian art by asian artists during "Black December"? Hmm, I wonder... was the all-white paid staff of Highways temporarily replaced with an all black one during "Black December..."?

I know that I speak for many artists in this "community", both "multicultural" artists and "white" artists too, who find this situation to be exploitive but have stood by and watched, afraid to speak out against what they see as wrong...

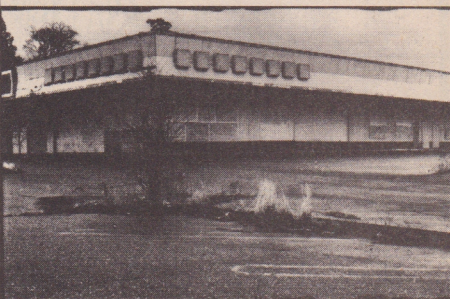
Racism, classism, patriotic nationalism, religionism, poverty, and lack of adequate education prevent people from accomplishing what they wish to do. These and other barriers must be broken down for the benefit of everyone. However, special privileges and means of advancement must not be given to one group of people while being denied another, whatever the race of the individual groups which benefit. When provisions are made to advance the career of one individual on the basis of race or sexual preference, everyone suffers; even those who appear to benefit.

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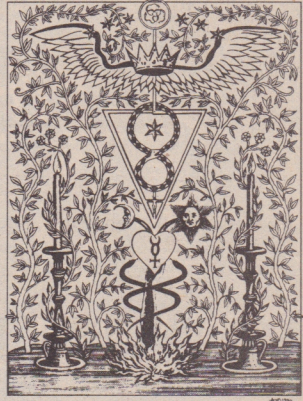
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So, maybe it's a bit strange to interview my own father, but how much weirder is it to interview a bunch of guys in a band just because you like their music? It doesn't mean they have anything interesting to say. Well, I like my dad, and I think he has lots of interesting things to say. He throws me for a loop every so often, though. This time he told me he was voting for Ross Perot and I was shocked. So, late at night, past both of our bedtimes, we had a poorly taperecorded conversation about it. —Darby

Darby: Answer more than the questions I'm asking you require because, you have to understand, I've been asleep for the past four days, mentally, because of my deadline. And knowing my luck, of course, this won't tape at all.

Dad: You're taping me?

Yes Dad. So, did you vote today?

Yes, I voted today.

And who did you vote for?

I don't know his name...

You don't know... I thought you were voting for Ross Perot?

He wasn't on the ballot.

So what are you gonna do in November?

Vote for Perot.

And do you know why you're going to vote for Ross Perot.

Yes, I absolutely know why. Do you want me to say it?

You might as well.

I haven't voted for a Democrat or a Republican, that I can remember, of any consequence since 1972. Because they were all shit. I mean they were absolutely meaningless lawyers. I wouldn't trust a lawyer, ever. There's just no way I would vote for either Clinton or Bush. I was a Young Democrat, and I campaigned for Johnson and Humphrey and Robert Kennedy. We campaigned on 'No War in Vietnam'. That's what he ran on: 'No War in Vietnam', and he lied. And since then, I haven't voted for any of them. The people I have voted for are people like Governor Wallace, you know, the segregationist. (It was either him or Nixon). I voted for him. I have voted for every candidate that would shake up America. I haven't voted for any candidate that's doing the old liberal, Democratic, communist bullshit, or the Christian Republican conservative bullshit. And if you mix the two together, what do you get? You get the same bullshit. I mean, I don't like government interfering with people at all. That's why I'm a Libertarian. So, I'm not interested in their little theories of no abortion, I'm not interested in their theory of higher taxes. I'm not interested in them collecting Medicare, Social Security, or setting up IRA's or any other of that bullshit they do. And the biggest thing that they're doing to destroy (not my future, but) your

future, is the deficit. There's only one candidate that has addressed reducing and eliminating the deficit.

Now, I know how a lawyer politician will reduce the deficit five or ten years from now if we vote for a Democrat or a Republican, and that's inflation. That's destroying the wealth of the country. They will take the four trillion dollar deficit, which will probably be close to ten trillion, and by running 15-20% inflation rate every year for a period of years, that ten trillion dollars will become pennies. It'll be worthless. And so will your income, your savings. You know, people are socking away all their savings in IRAs and when they run this inflation, you can't get to your IRAs. See, that's how they're gonna steal your money to pay for this huge deficit that they're having a joy with.

You mean the IRAs will be making less interest than inflation?

It doesn't matter. Say you've been earning twenty thousand a year. You put away two thousand a year for twenty-five years — you've put away fifty thousand. And if all of a sudden inflation takes over at 20%, everything goes up 20%. Same way Carter did it. Carter had no big budget deficit until the end, because he had tremendous inflation. It's really easy to get rid of a budget deficit, because instead of you needing twenty thousand in the last few years of your life, all of a sudden you're needing fifty to a hundred thousand, just to be able to keep up with inflation. In the meantime, you still only have fifty thousand put away in your IRA, so instead of your IRA being 2 1/2 years of your income put away, it turns out to be 1/2 a year. So they stole your money. And the only man who's telling you that we cannot steal money from our children is Ross Perot. And that is the most important thing. The parents can't vote for someone who's going to steal their children's money. That's what Democrats are doing, that's what Republicans are doing. Whether the Republicans spend it on having armies in Europe or armies in Japan or fighting a war in Iraq, the Democrat is spending it on some bitch who wants to have a million kids. It makes no difference. How they spend it is useless,



and I'm not even interested. So, if you want to give the next generation a fair chance, what we have to do is stop running a deficit and start paying up. And the only person to ever address the deficit is Perot.

How is he addressing it? I mean, what are his plans?

Perot, honestly, I don't believe he's gonna have a plan.

So you just go with him addressing the situation and then, just hope that he does it if he becomes president?

The only thing that you can hope for is that the man is honest. That's all you really want out of a leader. And I say leader, not politician. Voting for a politician is a waste of time. Our great leaders were not politicians. I mean Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and Abraham Lincoln. They may have even been military men or lawyers or whatever, but they had principles and stuck to them. His principles, from what I can see, in spite of what the militant homosexuals are saying about him, is that he's not interested in interfering with people's personal life. Maybe his wife is, since she is one of the people in Planned Parenthood and he supports her. He believes in deficit reduction. He's mentioned it many times. He believes that Social Security is not an insurance, but a tax. That benefits from Social Security should only go to those people who are poor, not for the wealthy. Same goes for Medicare. Now, that is the first person who's ever said that. But you have to first admit that Social Security is welfare. It is not insurance. People who are on

Social Security are on welfare. That welfare system cannot be given to the rich. If a person has a million dollars, he pays all his doctors bills and medical bills, and should buy his own insurance.

So those are some of the things that Perot has mentioned. The other politicians say the first thing out of their mouths to get votes: "I promise not to touch Social Security." What I see from Perot is a chance to shake up the government and say "You can't spend money that we don't have. It's not moral or right." Don't let George Bush tell me that he is some fucking Christian that never cheats on his wife when you're fucking the kids of the next generation by running a four hundred billion dollar deficit. What kind of Christian is that?

But he didn't set this system up.

But he presented the budget out of whack by 400 billion dollars. I could balance the budget. I was one of the worst economic majors who ever hit NYC, and I could balance the budget. First, pull all the troops out of Europe, Japan, the Philippines, and every fucking country in the world. And that would save us approximately 100 billion dollars, probably more. Second, I'd change all the treasury bills and treasury notes that are now interest bearing to tax deductible. So an 8% interest on government bonds will all of a sudden drop to 5 or 6%. That would probably reduce the interest that we pay and probably get rid of another 100 billion dollars. The remaining 200 billion dollars will be divided up by the top budgets, so every department, including Social Security, including AIDS research, including everybody, takes about a 12-15% budget cut. To balance the budget in one year doesn't take intelligence. It takes one simple budget summit.

You're saying take all the money away from everything. But then you're leaving things open for people to go on welfare for losing their jobs or Social Security.

Yes, many people, will lose their jobs. Who? First of all, a 100 billion dollars tax on interest. Who collects that money? Wealthy people. They're not gonna go on welfare because they're not earning 8%, they're only earning 5-6%. The 5% is tax deductible, so they'll be paying less taxes in the future, but they'll be earning less money. So that's not gonna put anybody on welfare.

Reducing the military in Europe, in Japan and the Philippines, and other places around the world, I mean, what are we talking about? Are we talking about men, physical men, or is it all the equipment and all the other shit? Yes, they're gonna be reduced, but you've got to understand something. We're reducing those things already because of the high cost of running the military with all the supplies and stuff going overseas.

Reducing the rest of the budget by 10%, yes. Do you actually have a reduction in payroll? Take a welfare recipient who's earning 800 dollars a week. You reduce their income by 12%, and if you say to that person, "Look, if you get a part time job, and earn back the 200 hundred, we will not penalize you," they will not go on further with welfare. Unemployment insurance, the same thing. Allow them to get a part time job without penalizing them. We penalize everybody for trying to do the right thing. Everything in government is set to fuck the poor people and that happens in the cities where traffic tickets have no relationship to a person's income. Who gets screwed by a traffic ticket? Only poor people because poor people can't afford to pay for the ticket, can't afford



to take off work to fight the ticket, and can't afford the insurance when the insurance company raises the rates because of the ticket. You don't really think that the guy who's a representative in Congress who earns 150-250 thousand a year gives a shit when he gets a speeding ticket.

Yes, there will be situations where some older people will not be able to survive when Social Security takes a 10,15% cut, but that's simply.... First, take a look at the rich people on Social Security and cut them down to zero. Then, the ones that are not able to work, don't cut them at all.

You mean, if you're rich, you still get Social Security?

Of course. Yes, Ross Perot, will get his Social Security. Ronald Reagan gets his Social Security check every month and he gets his federal retirement check every month. And if he gets two million dollars for making a fucking speech in Japan and a little old lady in Florida eats cat food then something's wrong with the fucking system.

One question, you were talking about taking a certain percentage away from everybody and just before that you were talking about the future and our kids, wouldn't this affect the schools then too, if you're taking money away from the school system?

Yes, you're taking money away from the school system. But, for most of the school systems, their budget is not a federal budget. There are some helpful things that the federal government gives to the states. That's mainly things like Headstart and lunch food programs. There are certain amounts of money that the federal government will give, just like they give billions and billions of dollars

to build this idiotic subway in Los Angeles. They do those things, but that doesn't make them good programs. Most of the welfare, most of the school programs, are state functions that have nothing to do with the federal government. There are certain percentages that do come under them, and those being whacked 15% get a situation where someone has to sit down and say, "Look, we've gotta whack this school lunch program, and other things." But, let's be honest... you know, Operation Headstart has \$15-20 an hour teachers working in the summer teaching them. Well, there are ways of changing those problems if you really want to do something about them. There are things that can be done. There are choices and the basic programs can remain. I am so amazed when we talk about school programs. We want to have our school program as good as the Japanese or the Germans. The Japanese and the Germans live in a society where the cost of living is higher than the United States. It's much more expensive to live in Tokyo or Berlin than it is to live in L.A. And yet, they don't spend as much money as we do on our school children. So obviously, education has nothing to do with money. It's illogical to assume that these people are spending so much less and getting so much more out of their school children... And the answer is always "You're not spending enough on schools" from the liberal and from the conservative, it's "You don't allow God in schools." There's a middle ground in there, that middle ground is discipline, segregation of boys and girls, smart and dumb, that's what made the school systems work. There's nothing worse than being in a class where a third of the class can't read. They just slow you down. You gotta understand, that happened in the '60s and '70s because of liberal politicians saying all people are created equal and remain equal until they fucking die. But they don't.

We're getting off of Perot...but what I'm seeing is that you have to have an attitude that I see with Perot, to shape up and say "These programs don't work. Let's change them." And I don't know if he's lying, but I do like him. I'm willing to take the chance. He's about the only chance I have of voting for somebody who will make a difference.

What about some of the things I've heard about him? Like he doesn't want you working for him if you're divorced, and he doesn't want gays in the military, and...

I would say to you that what I think Perot means is very simple. If a man is a homosexual and doesn't show it, Perot is not going to go into his life and tear it apart to prove whether he is or isn't homosexual. He has never done that in his business. I think Perot is saying: "I'm not going to cause a problem for the

United States of the America by hiring a homosexual for my cabinet." He didn't say he'd never hire a homosexual. I saw the show, I saw the interview. He never said that. But if you're hired to be Secretary, they do a background check, and questions do come up. Perot probably would not want to go through the aggravation of watching his nominee head for a fall. And he also never said that he wouldn't hire divorced people. He said "I would not

AND I DON'T KNOW IF HE'S LYING, BUT I DO LIKE HIM. I'M WILLING TO TAKE THE CHANCE. HE'S ABOUT THE ONLY CHANCE I HAVE OF VOTING FOR SOMEBODY WHO WILL MAKE A DIFFERENCE.

knowingly hire a man who cheats on his wife. If his wife can't trust him, why should I?" That's what he said. That's a logical statement. If his wife can't trust him, Bill Clinton, why should I?

What about Ross Perot don't you like. He doesn't give a definite position on things. He just kinda words things so they could go either way.

Well, I don't think he's wording them either way. I think what he might be saying is "Stop taking little parts of what I say and blowing them up." And that's exactly what they did when he said that homosexual thing and that thing about adulterers. Now, logically, if I turned to you and I would say "If his wife can't trust him, why should I?" You'd say "You're pretty right." What kind of a guy is cheating on his wife? And knowing full well that 60-70% of all men cheat on their wives, that would eliminate a lot of people. And he's not that stupid. He's not saying "I'm going to do a background check." He's saying "If I know about it..." And again, the way I take it is, if he know about it, a scandal has a lot of publicity, such as with Bill Clinton. And, it's not a small thing. It's destructive towards his family, towards his company or the country.

Up until Nixon and Watergate a politician's private life was never made public unless it directly affected the workings of the government. But since Watergate, every politician and every appointed position, every Supreme Court Justice, is asked personal questions which have no effect whatsoever on whether they are good officials. Ross Perot is not going to ask those questions, so whether a person cheats on his wife or is a homosexual will never be brought up. So I believe that he is trying to return to the dignity of elected and appointed officials that existed, with the understanding of the American press, before Nixon.

What about Perot's involvement with Iran?

He went in with people and got them out. He set up a covert operation that Carter blew and he got the people out.

Why did he only get his people out and how did he get them out?

I don't even know. There's a book on him, but I haven't read it.

Anything else you want to say?

I think it's more important for poor people — and when I mean poor, I mean people who are not very comfortable in society — to stop screwing around and waiting for a golden Clinton or any of those others to give them something, because they ain't gonna give it to them. They're just gonna give it to themselves, to their families, to their friends, and so on. And the same with Bush. They're just gonna do it in different ways. You've gotta vote for an alternative. Stop the sons of bitches, because they're taking your money. And trust me, don't buy bonds. If you elect a Republican or a Democrat, bonds are going to be worthless in five to ten years. If we don't reduce the deficit, get rid of the budget deficit every year, let me tell you, we're gonna hit some inflation that will just wipe us out. And Carter was the first round of it. And I think we're setting ourselves up for another round very very shortly. I don't care if Wall Street is hitting highs. Wall Street is going to collapse, because it doesn't matter how high Wall Street goes. If money is worthless, it's going to even go higher. If \$3,400 becomes worth \$340, sure, Wall Street will continue to go higher. I wouldn't tie up my money in long term anything, nothing long term, not unless they elect Ross Perot. And if he is not a liar.

Are there any other questions you have?

Would you vote for Ross Perot?

As far as voting for him I still don't know enough about him... Why is he considered an "outsider"?

I don't know that he's so much an outsider. He's not a politician, he's never run for office. But to say he's totally outside of the power of the country is not exactly true. He did sell systems to the government but that was mainly because he was the only one smart enough to do it. It's really hard to say, obviously he has ability to attract both Democrats and Republicans and deal with both of them. So, he's not stuck like other politicians with only being able to deal with one or the others powers. If you vote for Bush you know that you are going to get

stuck in old republican policies. And if you vote for Clinton you'll be stuck in old democratic policies. I believe that most Americans want a little Republican, a little Democrat... And they can not have it with their existing parties. We've got to start a new party. When you listen to the ultra liberal talk about the death of the planet, you know they're crazy. And when you listen to the ultra conservatives saying the planet will survive no matter what we do, we know they're crazy too. We know when we go to beach and it is closed because it's polluted, and yet a week later we go and it's open because it's cleansed itself... that there's somewhere in between. Taking care of the planet in a reasonable manner — not shutting down everything we've built up. There's another thing. We're tired of the ultra liberals blaming man and his eating of cows for causing all the ills of earth. Before man ever set foot, other than Indians, in North America, there were 60 million bison crapping all over the plains.

Well, shit on land fertilizes it. But it's the fact that today this runs off into the sewer systems and into the water supplies.

Well, I think it's ridiculous to blame cows and not blame bison. There are just too many people on the globe. And along come the conservatives — no birth control, no abortion, and no brains — wanting everyone to keep on having kids whether you can take care of them or not. So none of those ultra-conservative or ultra-liberals have even a clue of what's wrong with the world. So their prescriptions for solving the problems are useless. In other words, 60 million bison, believe me, put out a lot of CO₂ and probably put out a lot of methane gases, so obviously we did a great service by putting out 60 mil of those shit heads. Any idiot knows that CO₂ makes plants grow. I'm tired of being jerked around. 10-15 years ago I was told that in 10 years there was going to be another ice age. Then when that didn't happen the same people told us that we were going to have the greenhouse effect. And ten years from now they'll come up with another problem, and another, and in the meantime the ultra-conservatives are going to say everything is wonderful, everything fine, everything is great. We all know that we can't even find space at the beach, space for camping; we can't afford a little house on the country to take a vacation. We are handing down to our children less than what was given to us by our parents.

One thing I still don't understand... after listen-

WE'RE TIRED OF THE ULTRA LIBERALS BLAMING MAN AND HIS EATING OF COWS FOR CAUSING ALL THE ILLS OF EARTH. BEFORE MAN EVER SET FOOT, OTHER THAN INDIANS, IN NORTH AMERICA, THERE WERE 60 MILLION BISON CRAPPING ALL OVER THE PLAINS.

ing to all those Perot people, for instance on Tom Lykis' show (on KFI) he asked people to call up and tell him why they were voting for Perot, and what Perot's stances on things were, and none of the callers could really come up with anything. And he did a whole show on this... for a couple of hours. And these callers knew what the angle was when they called in, and they still had no answers. And Rush Limbaugh does the same thing too. And it seems that people follow him (Perot) blindly. And/don't understand how they don't understand anything about him if they're so gung ho about Ross Perot.

Well, two things I would say is one, when you're talking about Rush Limbaugh or Tom Lykis, they don't even get the idea. Because one is an ultra-conservative, who demands that everyone follows his Christian morals, and the other one is an ultra-liberal who demands that everybody follow his atheist morals. The fact is most people don't follow conservative morals. Americans have no problem keeping God out of the schools. They want morals in the schools. It has nothing to do with God. It has to do with pledging allegiance to the United States. If you look back to the great leaders of the United States, all the way from George Washington on, none of these individuals had a major point of view. They were basically moderates, who used some things from one side, and some things from the other side. George Washington was the man who went up after the revolutionary war to a synagogue in New England and said that there will be religious freedom in America — very Liberal. He was also the man who hired Hamilton, a federalist, a very conservative individual, to run the treasury and set the money straight. He put down a rebellion, he was not on one side and only on one side. The United States has never taken that radical of a view (except for Abraham Lincoln). "This is the way to go, the only way to go." We have always been a populist led people. We change, we try, we improve. That's what we're good at. We're not 100% fascists, not communists, not socialists, and not capitalists. We never have been. We have to take a little of each and make it work. That's why every new group that came to America added something. Each group. We've stopped... nobody adds anything anymore. Iranians are looked at as 7-11 clerks, Mexicans are construction or day laborers, whatever — but that's not true. Mexicans have added a lot of flavor to our country. Each group does. And they bring us other ways of looking at things — some of them work. Now you have the Rush Limbaughs saying, "What's good for America in 1783 is good for America today." He just doesn't get it.

Okay? Now are you going to leave me alone and not make me sound as stupid as, as...

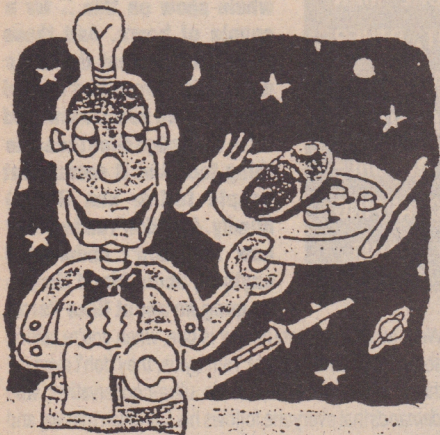
you sound. I'll try.

Remember, not one politician nor one item that I have voted for, well, Prop. 13 won, but almost no item or person I have voted for has ever passed or won the election.

Supplement Subjection

HOW THE FDA WOULD LIKE TO TAKE AWAY YOUR ALTERNATIVES.

BY ELAINE



Hey kids guess what time it is? That's right, it's time once again for our government to try to take away more of our rights. For those of you who don't remember how to play, let me refresh your memory. First off, let's review the rules: 1. It's up to the government to take away as much of our freedom as they can. 2. It's your goal to search for the truth and prevent this government invasion by writing to your congressperson and/or representative and letting them know you're on to them.

Today's game subject: The Nutrition Labeling and Education Act (NLEA) of 1990 and bills HR3642 and HR1662. A slight briefing: In 1990, in a bad attempt to provide you, as consumers, with more information regarding health promoting foods and products, Congress enacted the NLEA, and the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) developed new guidelines and regulations on how health claims can be made on foods and supplements. Some of these new regulations found in the 2,000 pages of proposals include: lowering the Recommended Daily Allowances (RDA's) and reducing the potency of vitamins and minerals; regulating higher potencies as drugs; eliminating herbs under dietary supplements to regulate them as drugs; eliminate educational material such as studies and tests of supplements as endorsements and consider them as a drug claim.

With the FDA enforcement Amendments (HR3642-HR1662), Congress is trying to expand the authority of the FDA by allowing them to subpoena any individual or company who (in their opinion) is violating any of their new regulations; the authority to embargo and recall, allowing them to detain foods and supplements for up to 30 days

without the right to appeal or get a judicial review; and impending fines of up to \$1,000,000 for each violation, without retraction. All of this in the name of "helping" you as consumers to realize you need a doctor to prescribe the 500 mg's of Vitamin C you used to buy yourself at the local market.

All kidding aside, the FDA has long been the enforcer behind the American Medical Association (AMA), one of the largest "legal" drug dealers in the world, and now they would like you to think that you can't do anything about your health without their approval. These bills have not yet been passed but the FDA has already tried out their new authority in many ways. Some herbs and supplements that you've seen on health food store shelves for years have already gone under attack and some have disappeared altogether. The more frustrating truth is that these supplements and herbs will reappear with new life as prescriptive drugs, needing a doctor's visit, examination, and approval to obtain (can't you just hear those registers ringing now!).

It's time to do something so this does not ever go into full enforcement. Writing to your Congressperson and Representatives to let them know you are aware of these acts and do not favor them may sway their vote. Many health food stores and organizations have form letters that you can obtain and send out with just your signature; however a hand written letter creates a greater impact. Constructing a letter is easy. Simply let your representatives know that you approve of the fact that the FDA needs some authority to regulate foods and supplements so that companies don't make false claims, but state that you are capable of making responsible decisions regarding your health and enjoy the right to determine whether you should be taking a vitamin supplement or not. No one is saying that the FDA needs all of their power taken away but arresting and fining health food store owners for helping customers in choosing supplements is just a small example of how far this has come already (wouldn't want those vitamin pushers to try running out the back doors would you).

A list of the public officials roster can be obtained by calling the LA County info section (213)721-1100 or go to a nearby health food store (Erewhon, Mrs. Gooch's, and Quinn's in So. California). Taking action is up to you.

The Honorable _____
United States Senate (House of Representatives)
Washington, D.C. 20510

Dear Senator (Representative)

I am expressing my strong opposition to recent efforts by the FDA to unreasonably limit health claims on the products I regularly purchase and consume - namely vitamins, minerals, herbs and other nutrients.

I consider myself an informed consumer and, therefore, I resent the FDA's current intervention. In 1976 Congress overwhelmingly passed the Proxmire Law which protected and ensured my right to purchase dietary supplements in the potencies, combinations and categories that I feel are proper for myself and my family.

To begin with, the FDA's interpretation of the Nutrition Labeling and Education Act of 1990 (NLEA) is in opposition to the will of Congress and would virtually eliminate all scientifically based health claims for nutritional supplements.

The FDA also wants to replace the "recommended daily allowance" standard for nutrients with a new and confusing "recommended daily intake" substitute. Frankly, I believe such changes are unwarranted and unnecessary. Please make the FDA leave it alone.

Furthermore, I understand the FDA Dietary Supplement Task Force is planning to reclassify nearly all supplements, except perhaps simple vitamins and minerals such as A, B, C, D, E, etc., in a new way that will virtually force them off the market except by prescription. I want the FDA to leave my supplements alone.

Finally, I know there is legislation being considered that would provide the FDA with vastly increased police and judicial powers. H.R. 3642 / S. 2135 apparently would allow abusive searches, preemptive seizure of products without adequate control over bureaucratic abuse and million dollar fines that the FDA could use against honest businesses. The FDA itself needs more checks and balances; it does not need more guns and bullets.

I plan to campaign vigorously to see that the FDA is reversed on the NLEA food labeling regulations, and that it does not receive any additional police powers to over regulate the nutritional supplement industry. I strongly urge you to oppose H.R. 3642 / S. 2135 and to make the FDA follow the will of Congress as stated in the Proxmire Law.

Please write to me soon and let me know what YOU intend to do about the FDA and its unwarranted grab for additional power over my health and freedom. I am anxiously awaiting your reply.

Sincerely,

PRINT NAME	SIGNATURE		
ADDRESS	CITY	STATE	ZIP

sample letter

President George Bush The White House 1600 Pennsylvania Ave., N.Y. Washington, DC 20500 (202) 456-1414	2418 Rayburn Building Washington, DC 20515 L.A. District Office (213) 651-1040
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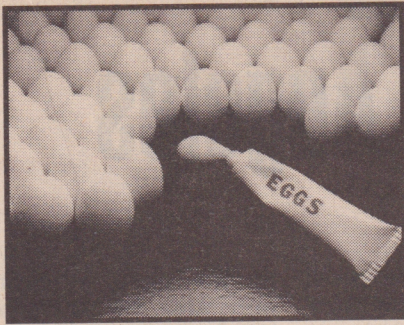
<i>These are some of the most important legislator supporting HR 3642 and S. 2135. Please let them know you are opposed to the legislation.</i>	Rep. Norman Lent Ranking Minority Member Energy and Commerce Committee 2408 Rayburn Building Washington, D.C. 20510
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Rep. John D. Dingell Chairman Energy and Commerce Committee 2328 Rayburn Building Washington, DC 20510	<i>These are legislators who oppose the two bills. Please let them know that you support their decisions.</i>
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Senator Edward Kennedy Chairman Labor and Human Resources Committee 315 Russell Building Washington, DC 20510	Rep. William Dannemeyer Ranking Minority Member Health and Environment Subcommittee 2351 Rayburn Building Washington, DC 20510
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Rep. Henry Waxman Chairman Health and Environment Subcommittee	Senator Orrin Hatch Ranking Minority Member Labor and Human Resources Committee 135 Russells Building Washington, DC 20510
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"I ASKED THE SAME QUESTION, 'WHERE WERE THE POLICE?'" -DARYL GATES



You Are What You Eat?

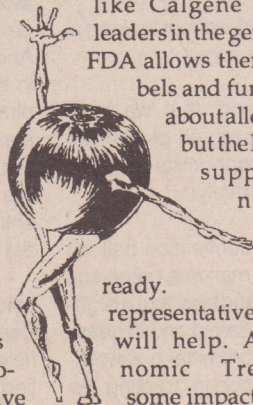
BY ELAINE

There are some people who are never satisfied with the way things are. Some try to change others - to be more like them. Others don't like the way they look and get nose jobs, implants, liposuction, etc. And then others are not happy with the foods they eat and instead of changing their dietary habits, they alter the actual foods. We've accepted this to some degree. After all, saccharin is still on the market and has been for years, causing cancer and who knows what to rats of all varieties who take it. More recently, there is NutraSweet and Simples. These "substitutes" invaded the markets promising "no sugar" to those who craved sweets, but didn't want the sugar, and "no fat" for those who want to eat their ice cream and diet too!

So we're no virgins to fake sugars and fats. What about fake fruits and veggies? Sounds like a bad scene from "Soylent Green", but it isn't. The federal government announced on Tuesday (May 26) that "biologically engineered" foods will start entering the market as early as next year. The first to enter the market will be the new and improved tomato. These tomatoes' genes have been altered and, in most cases, spliced with other genes, such as those from flounder (yes, the fish). Gene splicing is a bit different than hybridization, in that when you change the genetic structure of a food, this affects the way it reacts in your body. The enzymes are altered, too. Yet the FDA has approved these "super foods" to go on the market without special labeling or further studies. The FDA figures consumers won't mind that their tomatoes were genetically crossed with a fish because they will be getting a better tasting tomato that won't spoil as fast. Other foods that will be altered are: potatoes with chicken genes, soybeans with petunias, and tobacco with mouse genes. The grain that our cattle will be eating will also be genetically altered, as well as cooking oils.

Jeremy Rifkin, president of the Foundation on Economic Trends, seems to be the only one speaking out against this new trend in "farming". He and a group of Florida farmers pose to file suit against companies like Calgene and DNA Plant Technology, who are the leaders in the genetically engineered food world, if the FDA allows them to market their new foods without last-testing. Rifkin brought up questions about allergenic concerns, but the FDA has the Bush administration's full support, even with a statement about the foods being "... better healthier food products, without compromising safety one bit." I feel reassured already.

Once again, writing to your representative and congressional person with your concerns will help. Also, contacting Jeremy Rifkin at the Economic Trends Foundation with your support can have some impact.



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"I USED TO DREAM A LOT ABOUT THE INCIDENT. BUT NOW IT GETS BETTER, IF I TAKE THIS MEDICATION LIKE I'M SUPPOSED TO. THEN IT GETS BETTER." -RODNEY KING

UFOs Over Los Angeles

by Reverend Al

The following is the true account of events occurring in and around the UFO Expo West at the Los Angeles Airport Hilton held on May 10 1992.

Max has just extracted a bouquet of melted flyswatters from the burned-out wreckage of a grocery store on Pico, a special souvenir for a friend back in San Francisco. We get back in the car and cruise onward: our tour of apocalyptic LA. My gaze returns to the magnetic Jesus on my dash. I realize that now more than ever, we need *the Brotherhood*.

"That's just how it is," I tell him. "In apocalyptic times, Messianic cults arise to offer escape from these trials and tribulations, and the Magnetic Christ is no exception."

He picks up the flyer from The Brotherhood of the Magnetic Light and begins reading aloud. In it are described the paranormal events surrounding the discovery in a remote Peruvian town of a religious icon called "the Magnetic Christ." Included are details of its seizure by Vatican officials, elaborate theories involving ancient Indian burial sites around LAX, subterranean magnetic ores, pooled psychic energies, and predictions of a landing. The Magnetic Christ, it seems, has found its way to Southern California where it is acting as a homing beacon to Jesus' extra-terrestrial twin brother, whose millennial kingdom is destined to begin with the landing of a spacecraft Sunday night on a hillside park near Dockweiler Beach.

There are 699 more of these leaflets in the back seat. Max and I are the only living members of the Brotherhood, and we don't believe a word of it. The flyer is the fabrication of the Cacophony Society, a network of pranksters based in LA, SF, and Seattle whose aim is to subvert the mundane on behalf of the strange and the wonderful. We are on our way to spread the word at the UFO Expo West, an annual gathering of saucer fanatics at the Airport Hilton.

The scent of a nearby sewage-treatment plant wafts through the window as we approach the convention site. As if by magic, a cyclist wearing clown makeup and wig drifts up alongside as we pause at the light. We offer the gentleman a flyer.

"The Space Brothers are landing," I tell him.

"I know," he says, and without looking at our flyer, he peddles away.

Max and I understand, that we have entered *the zone*, a region of peculiar reality wherein Cacophonists perform their work most effectively.

On the stairs to the convention hall we pass a middle-aged man in a beige suit carrying a briefcase and sporting a high-fashion brass wire pyramid on his head. He smiles in a non-committal business-like manner, and we nod in greeting. As

we draw closer we catch the sound of windchimes, the buzz of ionizers, swirls of New Age music, bamboo flutes. A student of the Unarius Academy of Science in El Cajon hands me a flyer advertising a workshop, "Your Role in the Interplanetary Federation". An abductee counselling session is announced in the lobby. We enter the hall itself where we meet the other Cacophonists and begin our wide-eyed tour of the hundreds of tables displaying everything from books, tapes and videos to UFO paintings, lamps, bolo ties and even jewelry fabricated by aliens. One of our troupe begins bartering on an alien welcome mat for his front door.

An exhibitor hands me a "shake" made of blue-green algae, which she says taste something like bananas. It does not smell like it would. She insists I look familiar. I look at her puzzled, thinking perhaps I had seen her at last year's convention, "Oh well, maybe from the last ..."

"Oh, it's from this life," she says. "Definitely this one."

The guy examining posters at the George Adamski memorial table next to us is filled with indignation at a particular depiction of a spaceship's interior. "That's not what it looked like in the spaceship that kidnapped *me*."

The exhibitor is cool and rational. "Well think a minute. You've got your Cadi's, your Dodges, Fords, and your Toyotas. You know, different strokes for different folks."

Veerle dons some welders' goggles with tiny flashing lights mounted in the lenses in order to get her brain "synchronized." She comes away with a dull headache-like sensation understood by some to be one of inner calm. Another strange electrical devices whirls away in the corner, suspiciously like the electrical pinwheels in the 1931 version of *Frankenstein*. It has been fabricated by researchers at the Integraton, a diminutive planetarium like structure near Yucca, California where anti-aging experiments are conducted. We are afraid to try it.

I pick up a pamphlet from the Extra-terrestrial Communications Network advertising channeled messages from "Mother Mary" identified as the "Universal Director of the Feminine



"MY MOTHER WOULD WRITE LETTERS TO ME WHEN I WAS AT CAMP AND SAY, 'THERE'S AN ANN-SHAPED SPACE AROUND THE HOUSE. NOBODY

ChristEnergy & Key Member of Karmic Board. I feel the credibility of The Brotherhood soar and begin interspersing our flyers among those on the tables before me. In an hour or so we see them all around us, bobbing along in back pockets, peeking out of notebooks.

I spot an interesting creations of styrofoam and posterboard, a glass bottle mounted in a spray-painted mailing tube labeled, "Tesla propulsion Unit". A small wiry man explains it all in well-rehearsed patter accompanied by frantic gestures to some dog-eared posterboard covered with felt-marker rendering of aliens and cramped columns of handwritten notes describing their civilizations. A laminated clippings from *The World Weekly News*, identifies him as a credible source, the psychic responsible for predicting that Elvis' tomb would be found empty.

Here at another table is a gratuitously enlarged x-ray of some slimy organic structure, identified as the "Joyce Hollis Implant." They are selling "Fantazia" water, which if taken internally will "restructure the molecular makeup of an individual" to "exorcise possessing aliens and negate the negative effects of alien wiring and implants." I read long and lurid testimonies painting terrifying pictures of psychic attacks by evil aliens known as "The Greys" ultimately warded off by massive doses of the product. *"I was just about completely under hypnotically,"* runs one account. *"My guardians were SCREAMING at me: GO FOR THE FANTAZIA! DON'T WALK RUN ... I ran... knowing that the light of God was in those bottle of Fantazia..."* As might be expected the light of God does not come cheap, but rather requires an outlay of \$40 per four-ounce bottle.

Unarians were out in full force, but Archangel Uriel (aka 88-year old El Cajon Housewife Ruth Norman) was present only via filmed appearances in the ornately-wrought Unarian "psychodrama" "The Arrival", the "true story of Zan the Aborigine's encounter with the Space Brothers" who arrive on in trippy ships with flickering neon disco floors, and lava-lamp-style propulsion units.

A large space is claimed by a cult led by some kind of space Hindu calling herself "Morningstar." Her followers are all eerily identifiable by their smocklike garments and massive bundles of bleached cotton-candy hair stuffed awkwardly under tight headbands. I am of the opinion that some, at least, the neophytes, wear wigs, though my companions disagree. Our argument is interrupted by strumming guitars as the Morningstars begin some kind of Joan Baez-in-space ballad.

We cannot pass up the spectrum Aegis Color Light Therapy. The therapist, a very large

man, is perched atop a tiny stool. He speaks in confidential tones. "It's an LED," he explains, "Light Emitting Diode. Cost me \$300 to learn how to use it." With a look of indescribable earnestness, he is sweeping the patient with the light from a penlight flashlight hooked up to what looks like some sort of souped-up batter-tester borrowed from Dr.

McCoy's sickbay. He is cleansing her of stray accumulations of electricity, called "rogues" because "they're where they don't belong like an elephant in your garden."

David signs up. I wait, uneasily remembering the scene last Christmas at the Scientologists' Winter Wonderland where he faked a seizure when they let him try out the E-meter, and we were roughly escorted out by angry elves. The therapist begins the session by gesturing to a long list of energy depleting modern artifacts ranging from fluorescent lights to sunglasses. These are the sources of the "rogues" he will destroy, but after the treatment David will still need to periodically balance the color of his chakras, much like you perform a white balance on your videocam by exposing the retina to a multicolored mandala-like test pattern available on sturdy cardstock for \$10 (\$15 for 8"). This pattern is the Spectrum Aegis.

"Let's try a little test," says the therapist as he forces David's thumb and forefinger into an "O" "Now look at that florescent light," he commands, and as David does so, he viciously jerks apart his fingers, crying "See? See? Rogues!" Then after exposing his patient to the Spectrum Aegis, he tries again, this time pantomiming a pathetic inability to part those supercharged fingers. He then proceeds with the treatment. David's keys needed a good dose of green. His molars are badly wanting some of those blue rays, and his retina could die for a little bit of violet.

"If you could lift your shirt please, and, ah ... unbutton the top button of your jeans so I can treat the abdominal regions."

The therapist crouches forward on his stool, straining against his rainbow-colored suspenders. He flicks the light sensuously over



David's naked chest, and an intense look of concentration furrows his brows. Sweat is beading on his forehead. His firm hand steadies the patient's shoulder as he appears to sink down under a violent stampede of rogue energies. Suddenly David bursts into a hysterical yarn about his abduction by alien beings who looked like the astronauts lost in the exploding space shuttle. I flee the scene with what is left of a straight face.

We are on windy hilltop overlooking the ocean. The acolytes have begun staking off the landing site with caution banner. I welcome the forty or so in attendance on behalf of the Brotherhood and alert them to the danger of radiation and extreme magnetic fluctuations. Some of them laugh and others begin suspiciously scanning the faces of those around them. There are a variety of tensions mounting on this hillside tonight. One of those in attendance is wearing a pendant made in the Pleiades. Another is burdened down by a half dozen cameras and lenses. At the crest of the hill stands a motionless figure with head upturned. The only thing we all have in common is the flyer, though one person whom none of us recognize says he never saw the flyer, claiming instead some more direct link to the Space Brothers. On the horizon is huddled another group of onlookers, who throughout the night never come closer.

As several hundred feet of aluminum foil are unrolled in the shape of a cross, a picnicking family mutters something about voodoo and beats a hasty retreat to the station wagon. I begin an invocation to the powers of the four magnetic points represented by this "Cross of Unity". Four flames are solemnly lit on the cardinal points, and the Magnetic Christ Icon

is borne through the crowd to its' station at the center of the cross. Several more people exit discretely. A pyramidal implement is produced and is charged by Sister Krista in "the twelve magnetic fields" where it emits a weird screeching sound. It is passed among the ecstatic supplicants. There are feigned magnetic healings. The crowd takes up the frenzied chant, "All Hail The Magnetic Christ! All Hail The Magnetic Christ!"

It is at this moment when the first of the three ships is sighted floating high above the beach — a small orange orb slightly larger than a star drifting in a manner unattributable to any craft of terrestrial origin (with the possible exception of a candle-bearing hot-air balloon.). The ship, however, seems completely oblivious to the designated landing site and drifts far to the south. A second ship is then sighted wafting somewhat closer but dropping dangerously close to the Sunday night traffic along Vista Del Mar and rising only to bear its incendiary light to the precise height of the dried fronds of some nearby palms. The second ship blows over and winks out, at which point I hurl the Magnetic Bible into the flames of a nearby barbecue and mount a picnic table to berate my flock for the lack of faith which weakened the beacon. A third ship is sighted and I begin speaking in tongues. My people have fallen



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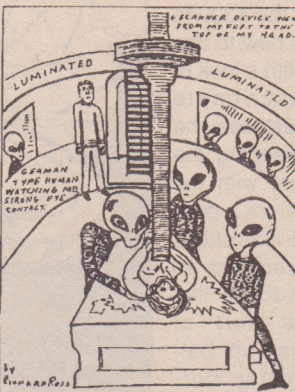
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Alien Invasion Plans Revealed



By Richard Ross

into a wantonness and riotous abandon. A pyrotechnical assault is launched at random from within our midst, and the crowd scatters as sparks and jets of fire skip and bounce over our shoulders and around our ankles. A mysterious figure in a silver suit and holographic goggles runs up from the beach crying "My ship has crashed. My crew is

wounded. They've fallen and they can't get up..."

I take a long hit off the sacramental wine, and then I notice the father of the picnic family back in the park, standing at the foot of the hill, facing the cross in a posture of transfiguration, swaying ever so slightly like a snake about to strike. Max takes off his goggles and tells me that the man just asked someone "Is the Spirit here tonight?"

Some impromptu fire-eating, is followed almost immediately by the glare of flashers from the three police cars cruising the site all evening long. What appears to be the entire LAPD Cult Squad unloads itself on our little landing site and begins asking questions about fires not contained within designated areas and the exact nature of our gathering. Our ignorance of such illegal activities along with our destruction of the Cross of Unity appeases their secular-humanist inclinations, and they climb back into the squad cars, with a story destined to significantly enrich the oral tradition of the Southern Californian all-night donut shop.

Those interested in the further exploits of the Los Angeles Cacophony Society should contact "The Zone" at 6085 Venice Blvd. #82, LA, CA 90034 or call (213) 937-2759.

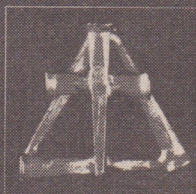


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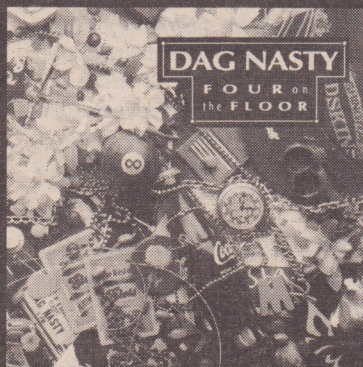
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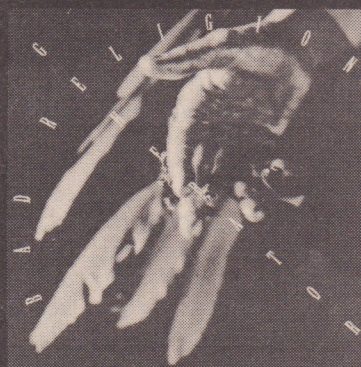
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JAMMING WITH NANCY DURAN

BY MONICA MORAN

AS THE SAGA CONTINUES, NANCY'S SCENE IS MAJORLY CRASHED BY SCHMOOZE NATION. HENCE, THE FINAL JAM....

Renchie Forbs had played guitar on the *Sex Surgeon* LP — not quite a rock star which was a good thing. By now I had the theory that once rock stardom had been acquired, any half-way decent riff took a flying leap out the window — bearing in mind of course that energy couldn't be destroyed, just transformed.... Once transformed into rock stardom...the beginning of the end.

Renchie claimed that he had actually seen a live Eight Ball performance and wanted to jam with me.

"You saw Eight Ball, huh?" I asked, "And you still want to jam?"

"Yeah," he answered.

"Are you sure we're talking about the same Eight Ball... Church of Satan? Speedmetal guitar solos?" Since he was still willing, I decided not to jog his memory any further than that. He told me that he could jam with Lab Rat that following week. Lennard, unfortunately, had a Tijuana Souvenir Shop gig and couldn't make it so he suggested that I call Bert (the Tijuana Souvenir Shop dancer) to fill in on drums. I gave Bert a ring.

"Hello?" His voice sounded whiny and hung-over. I explained my situation.

"Well sure, I'll fill in. I could use the exercise." Bert arrived with another two cases of beer. He cracked open a six pack and began to set up his drum kit as Renchie and I plugged in our guitars.

"...I'm telling you... there have been times I couldn't even remember where the hell I was the night before.... Sometimes, I'll get so burned-up... I'll walk through intersections with oncoming traffic headed straight toward me... I don't know how the hell I make it across...." Bert cracked open another six pack, we began to jam.... Suddenly, then, Bert stopped the music.

"You guys rock!" he said, "Hell, I want to join this band!"

"Do you really like it?" I asked.

"Well, you're not a very good bass player — but you'll get better and this fuckin' rocks!" Since Lennard was already basking in Tijuana Souvenir Shop-glory, I supposed that replacing him with Bert wouldn't be too unethical.

"OK, you're in."

Bert and I continued looking for additional members while practicing three times a week. Like clockwork, he would show up each and every time with two cases of beer as he proceeded to drink each and every one. I would drive him home for fear he would end up pinned under the wreckage of an automobile. He would babble on and on as I drove....

"I'm telling you... there have been times... I'd be on the roof of a twelve-story building...." These anecdotes and reminiscences began to worry me: Lab Rat needed a drummer and it was clear that Bert wouldn't be alive long enough for us to find a singer or guitar player. So I decided that it was my duty to look after him. I would usually drop him on the porch of his parents house where he lived. But every once in a while he would insist that I let him off at Pollywog Park, where he would stumble out of my car and stagger into the

night. I would sit behind the wheel and watch as his inebriated form dissolved into the trees.

This went on for several months until one day, just as I was leaving for a Lab Rat rhythm section rehearsal, my phone rang... it was Bert and he sounded as though he were about to cry.

"What is it Bert?"

"MY MOM AND DAD ARE STICKING ME IN A REHAB FOR FOUR MONTHS!!!" This was both good and bad news.

"Four months, you say?"

"Yeah," Bert whined in a high, screeching, desperate tone.

"Now look, don't panic. This is probably the best thing that could happen to you." I tried to sound convincing.

I actually began to feel sorry for him, as though he would die of a broken heart—his parents, separating him from the one thing he loved most in life. And there I was singerless, guitarplayerless, and now drummerless—for the time being, until the release forms were signed. All that was left of Lab Rat was the bass.

The Convalescents had returned from their five and a half month tour where they had picked-up a couple of old, loyal Convalescents fans on the road, Curt and James. Together, they had attended an exclusive Ivy League private college on the east coast. One week after graduation, along with the Convalescents they had headed straight for Lomita, CA.

They came by that evening. Curt entered the room first, James came in behind looking casual, like he took nothing at all that seriously. Just hanging around in Lomita. "So where's this drummer?" Curt asked. "I was just about to explain that." I told them about the two cases of beer but I could tell by their expressions they didn't believe me. I began to play my bass. James looked at me and began to play his guitar with a smile, the kind of smile that implied that life was in fact just one big practical joke that only he was in on. Curt began to sing. I've got white

heads on my face...

people see them when they look into my eyes... I'm soooooo fat...." After he was finished singing he looked at me and said with a smug expression, "I stayed up all night last night writing this song!"

"Well," I thought, "That James guy doesn't seem so bad, maybe I could have a talk with Curt about those lyrics, and after Bert is released from re-

hab, Lab Rat would have a bass

player, a drummer, a guitar player

and a singer. Lab Rat,

however, wasn't a fitting name. Since Curt, James and

myself all agreed that Paul Westerberg would be our new

rock hero we decided to call our band Auto Wreck — not so

great but better than Eight Ball.

great but better than Eight Ball.

Auto Wreck continued to practice at CCH. One day I looked up, there was a sort of trollish looking guy standing at the door, covered in paint and holding a fishing pole. Willy looked at him and shouted, "Hey, it's Fred! Hey everyone Fred's here!" Fred walked in, still holding the fishing pole. Fred didn't say a word. "How have you been Fred?" Willy asked. Fred just nodded.

"Been doing some fishing Fred?" Fred nodded again. Willy looked at me and said, "I haven't seen Fred in three years, nobody has."

Fred was the original guitar player for the Convalescents. He had started the band with Willy five years before.

"How have you been doing Fred?" I asked. Fred's trollish eyes stared hard. He nodded, still clutching the fishing pole as if it were the only thing grounding him to the earth.

Fred had played guitar for the Convalescents for two years, until, one day, he took all of his equipment: his guitar, his speaker cabinet, a 400 watt GK head and all of his cords, put them in one big pile right in the middle of the CCH parking lot and set fire to them. Then he disappeared. There he stood three years later covered in paint, anchoring himself to the world with his fishing pole.

Fred took a seat and continued to say nothing. I tried to make small talk.

"Been playing any guitar Fred?" Fred shook his head no. Then he finally spoke.

"I've been fishing." His voice was high pitched and troll-like, "Caught a trout the other day, it



was this big." Fred held up his hands. Fred continued to hang around CCH for several weeks. Every once in a while he'd watch Auto Wreck practice. James, Curt and I had written some songs in time for Bert's return. I drove to Bert's house to pick him up for his first practice upon release from the rehab located somewhere in Orange County. I knew what he was going to say the moment he got into the car—I could see it in his eyes. My blood pressure began to drop. I tried to tighten my grip on the steering wheel however, the palms of my hands had begun to perspire.

"Nancy," the inevitable, I knew it was coming, "before we go to practice we have to go to GUITAR WORLD!" My car swerved off the road. I put my head in my hands and began to weep.

"Not Guitar World, no, please—anything but that... Satan buys his guitar strings there... I heard Eddie Van Halen made a pact with the Devil right there in the parking lot... It's true, I know it's true... why do you think Eddie's guitar is now on display at the Guitar World walk of fame on the Sunset Strip, huh?" But I knew that I had no choice, I had broken a bass string and Bert needed a new drum head. Guitar World was the only place within a 40 mile radius where these essential things were made available. The demons had us right where they wanted.

As Bert and I walked through the Guitar World door I was forced to cover my ears: White Snake. And I saw my favorite Guitar World salesman standing behind the counter—we had an understanding, I hated him and he hated me.

Now completely intact, Auto Wreck began to practice five nights a week. Fred continued to hang around. We almost began to sound like a band. I asked Fred for his opinion.

"We sound like a band, right? Like the... The Replacements!" Fred nodded his head.

"Yeah, The Replacements. Only not as good. Your band needs something," he said thoughtfully.

"Needs something?" I asked.

"Yeah, there's a hole."

"A hole?" I asked.

"Yeah. A hole in the music. It needs to be filled." This was a relatively new concept to me: musical holes. I did my best to try and understand.

"You mean a gap?"

"No! A hole." Fred took out a piece of paper and drew a kind of diagram.

"You see, here's the drums, here's the bass, and here's the guitar..." Fred continued to draw the diagram; it looked like some evil equation dredged up from the planet Mars. Then, right in the center of the diagram, Fred drew a circle.

"See, there's the hole."

"The hole?" I asked again.

"Yeah! The hole." Fred then drew a picture of a fish right in the center of the circle.

"You need to fill that hole."

"Well, what do you suggest I do!" Fred, now having me in a panic over this alleged hole, said,

"Let me join your band. I'll fill the hole for you."

"OK, let me talk to Curt, James and Bert." That night while at practice I did my best to explain.

"You see, there's a hole..." Curt, James and Bert gave me a blank stare.

"Maybe if we had another guitar player we could fill that hole." They looked at one another.

"Well, who do you have in mind?" asked Curt.

"Fred," I said.

"You mean Fred the guy who goes fishing?" Bert asked.

"Yes Fred!" I said desperately, fixated on the hole. They thought it over and Fred was in.

We practiced with Fred for several weeks. He would stand in

the corner of the practice place, stick his face directly into his amp and concentrate on filling the hole. A couple of old loyal Convalescents fans had heard that Fred was back in town and were very interested in seeing his new band. Auto Wreck decided to play a show. The Auto Wreck audience looked very similar to that of Eight Balls with the exception of the old loyal Convalescents fans (which averaged out to an approximate two and four audience members, respectively). After the show, an old loyal Convalescents fan approached me.

"How long has Fred been in this band?" he asked.

"Oh, about three weeks," I replied.

"Well, it kind of sounded like he didn't know any of the songs."

I decided that I had better mention this to the rest of the band. We all agreed to have a talk with Fred. That following week at practice, we called a meeting. Bert stood by his drum kit looking authoritative. He cleared his throat.

"You know, we kind of feel like you should maybe learn the songs a little better, before we do any more shows with you, Fred." Fred arose from his chair, his troll-like eyes transformed themselves into two iridescent bulbs. They bugged out as the blood rushed to his face.

"That was the best I had ever played in my whole life!" He then stormed out. We didn't hear a word from him. Fred had once again disappeared, and Auto Wreck, once again, had some kind of hole.

Auto Wreck managed to get another show. We were opening for my long standing rock hero's band. I figured with Frank Zott headlining there would be at least seven people in the audience for the opening band. Actually, there were ten. I counted them as I walked on stage. By the time we had finished our set only two people had left, which meant there were eight remaining. Eight out of ten, not bad, not bad at all. As I walked back stage carrying my bass, holding it like some trophy of victory, there stood my long standing rock hero, Frank Zott. Frank Zott then asked, "Was this your first gig?" Something about that question made me realize that a compliment wouldn't be immediately following.

"No, our second." Then he asked, "Your singer, was he improvising? It seemed like he was because every time the lights would flash, he would sing, 'I see the lights' and there were people looking at him and he sang, 'I see you looking at me'." I wanted to tell Frank Zott that it was just a coincidence, that Curt wasn't saying "lights" but "whiteheads", that it was all a horrible mistake. My moment of victory was short-lived indeed.

The Auto Wreck gigs remained consistent. We seemed to average a five to six person audience and the future looked bright. I took into consideration that the Frank Zott show's eight-person-audience was a direct result of Frank Zott's appearance later that evening, so I didn't expect to have such a large number of people watching again at any time in the near future.

As I entered the practice place, I couldn't understand why everyone was so morose. We had an upcoming gig, there were six people in the audience at our last show, our following had nearly tripled since only eight months before. Bert looked at James, James looked at Bert.

"You tell her," Bert said.

"Did you know that the Convalescents singer quit the band?"

"No," I replied, "But it's nothing to get upset about, Willy's been through a million band members. Let's see... first, it was Willy, Moe, and Fred. Then, it was Willy and—Willy's used to it by now. He'll find another singer."

"He already did."

"Oh, really? Who is it?" I asked. Both James and Bert bowed their heads. Silence had suddenly filled the practice place.

"Not—but what about our gigs? What about our fans?"

I fled the practice place and began searching for Curt. He was nowhere to be found. The first place I looked was Mr. B's Coffee shop. The only people who hung out there were Curt and all the local geriatrics. You could almost always find him sitting there staring out the window, musing, writing down his stupid lyrics on the tops of napkins and cigarette packages. I had circled the Mr. B's parking lot for the third time when at last, I saw him on the other side of the intersection waiting to cross. I stood there and watched him.

"Big rock star crossing the street. Big Convalescents frontman. PUNK ROCK IS DEAD!!!" I shouted, "PUNK ROCK IS AS DEAD AS THOSE GERIATRICS WHOSE DAYS ARE NUMBERED IN THE NEGATIVE INTEGERS." He heard me, got half way through the intersection, started running in the opposite direction, then must have realized that the confrontation was inevitable. He turned around and headed back.

"I've decided to join the Convalescents," he said when he reached the curb.

"That's nice," I replied.

"Nancy, I just have to get my songs on a record and see what happens."

"Do you wanna know what's gonna happen? Your songs will be on a record. That's what will happen." Once those infantile lyrics were cast in vinyl, nothing would change.

I woke up the next morning and could barely breathe. I drank a six pack the night before. Not one kind of beer—six different beers: a Coors, a Miller High Life, a Pabst Blue ribbon, a Budweiser... and I had smoked two different kinds of cigarettes: Winston Lights and Camels. I had gone with Mac Blewer to see someone, a band. I stood there sweating—the place was packed. I was sweating, thinking about Auto Wreck. First, Curt left, then me. I shouldn't have left. I had betrayed myself. The others had betrayed me—Curt, Willy. But I had betrayed myself even more. And there I stood in the midst of the ruin, sweating, watching some other band; a band more fortunate than Auto Wreck had been.

I wallowed in it for a minute or two, then realized that the band we were watching had begun to take off their clothes: a clever ploy. How could we help but watch. It lacked subtlety. Yet subtlety or no subtlety they had our full attention. Mac told me then that a famous person once said that 'subtlety is stupid.' I thought about it for a minute.

"Yeah, he's right," I replied, although it had never occurred to me before: an innovative thought. By now everyone was engaged in the strippers and the noise—glued to the stage. All except one girl who was standing by herself on the outskirts of the crowd. I approached her.

"You seem angry," I said.

"I am."

A very good response. Then and there I knew I could get something from her—some gossip, some sign of life, something other than what the industrial strippers had to offer me.

"What are you angry about?" I asked.

"I'm alone," she said, "I live alone, I work alone." I looked down at my beer (I was at this time on my fourth. The fourth being the Miller High Life).

"I'm afraid I'll go crazy," she continued, "and I can't let that happen." At that point I knew I had one up on her; I had already gone crazy.

"Why don't you just let it happen," I said.

"Because, I can't. If I go crazy, I'll have to move back to the Midwest and my mother will have to take care of me. I can't think of anything more horrible than that!" she shrieked.

"Yeah, but then maybe you'll write like Flannery O'Connor," I said. This thought didn't appear to inspire her.

"Well, if it happens just remember... you'll get used to

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MUSIC REVIEWS

AFGHAN WHIGS - CONGREGATION [CD]

This is an amazingly clean and unchallenging slab of pop songs in the Nirvana and especially Dinosaur Jr. camp. It's just so fucking alternative and filled with youthful emotion it makes me piss on myself. I find it uninspired and more like a demo for a major label. If sorry ass college rock is your game, then go ahead and play it. J. Mascis should be contacting his attorney for the stolen copyrights on his voice that this singer is using. -Evan (Sub Pop)

AGITATORS - NO BRAKES [7" EP]

The one interesting thing about this band is, musically they're really tight. Punk rock with no sloppiness, clean fuckin' edges, and no mistakes. I mean tight as a duck's asshole. But, they're also as interesting as a duck's asshole, which to me is not much. For punk rock, I'd take any sloppy, drunken, barely-knowing-how-to-play mess over this in seconds. -D. Gomez (Direct Hit Records, 3609 Parry Ave., Dallas, TX 75226)

BAD RELIGION - ATOMIC GARDEN [7"]

L.A. punk rock giants Bad Religion redeem themselves with this straight ahead classic Bad Religion punk rock ditty, which stands in stark contrast with the rest of their latest release. This single reminds me that I prefer Bad Religion with the music minus one GIT guitar solo sound! Don't you? -Ethan (Sympathy For The Record Industry)

BADTOWN BOYS - DATE WITH DEATH [LP]

With low expectations due to the extremely lame name of this band, I was surprised by the total "punkness" of them. I fucking kid you not, every single one of the 13 songs sounds exactly like the Dickies doing fast Ramones covers. For what it's worth, they do it well. -Evan (New Red Archives, 6520 Selma Ave., Suite 1385, Hollywood, CA 90028)

BIZARRE SEX TRIO - [C]

I really liked some of the first death disco shit I heard but by the time I burned out on the Cassandra Complex in '88, I'd lost all patience for big-beats-with-distorted-sound-bites-and-loud-clanging-collage-ism. I might be more knocked out by the concept of a limited edition of 700 completely unique covers if I actually owned one, instead of a mass-produced promo cassette. Better you should wait for their next release, which will be welded, bolted, clamped and stapled to a six-foot 2x4 that will be "impossible to play, transport, buy, or sell", which must mean that they will come over to your house and make you one. While they're over, play them some GOOD records. -Bob Lee (Invisible)

BLACKMADRID - ATLANTIC CROSSING: THE PEOPLE'S JOURNEY [CD]

Poet Keith "Antar the Raven" Mason creates his own

fantasy world for storytelling which he calls Blackmadrid. With his cohorts, Jihad and Sula Rakim, Antar the Raven weaves tales of the slave trade, life in South Central LA and joining the army for "Operation Nightstick". The poetry is engrossing when it rings of personal experience and kaleidoscopic imagination rather than familiar rehashes of urban violence. Poetry fans should check it out. -FB (New Alliance Records, PO Box 1389, Lawndale, CA 90260)

BLACK SPRING - GIRTH [CD]

The inside of this CD says "Black Spring supports any organization undermining exploitative actions against the environment, freedom of speech, and human and animal rights!" With a spirit like that, how could any reviewer dis 'em? Actually, even without that P.C. manifesto, this band is pretty good for what they play. Basic garage rock n' roll with the vocalist keeping that important anguish level in his voice a steady medium - never too annoying. I've heard stuff like this before, but it's always enjoyable. Give them a year or two and they'll probably be the next Nirvana. -Kerin (Swollen Lip Records, 1608 Jefferson Ave., Kalamazoo, MI 49006)

BOORISH BOOT - [7" EP]

This is the most tasteless label I can think of. When was the last time Black & Blue released something even remotely appealing? Your guess is as good as mine. Boorish Boot just dig the ditch even deeper. Dumb, predictable rock-punk with even dumber "socially concerned" lyrics. No one should be forced to listen to this. I quit. -KRK (Black & Blue)

CARCASS - NECROTICISM-DESCANTING THE INSAUBRIOUS [CD]

The earlier Carcass releases were cool because they were different from your average speed/death metal with their barrage of medical references and disgusting garbled vocals, but I couldn't groove to it much. The songs were too short and spastic. On this, their third release, the songs are longer and slower and painfully brutal. The playing is tight as shit and some of the vocals are even intelligible. While Godflesh have gone techno-limp with age, Carcass continue to progress to new levels of brilliance. This is heavy metal as it should be. -Evan (Earache/Relativity)

CHRIST ON A CRUTCH - CRIME PAYS WHEN PIGS DIE [LP]

Cool heavy thrash with inspiring lyrics, HA HA HA. So how did you like my MRR style review? I have no qualms with these guys' music, it's their lyrics that are their downfall: anarcho-punk rhetoric offering no solutions or inspiration to seek your own solutions to society's problems. Obviously, they don't feel like you have gotten the message



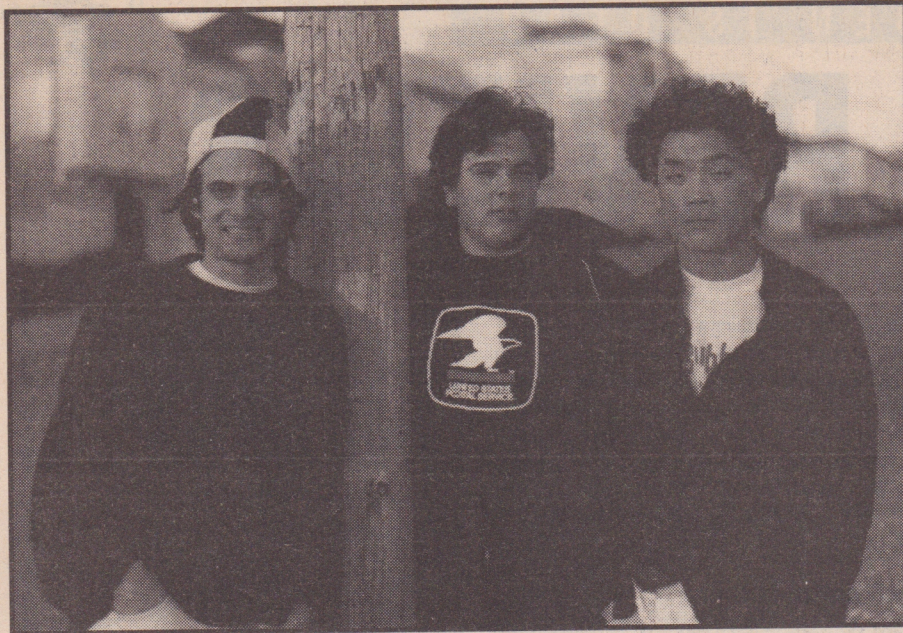
yet that society's fucked and that the media controls most aspects of your lives. What gets my goat is not that this record doesn't challenge anyone as jaded as myself, but for someone who is questioning authority for the first time and seeks help from Christ on a Crutch, they can't answer the crucial question: "Why?" What effects does all this have on their lives? Only on the song "In On Your Joke" do they make this happen. But that's one song out of ten (not including token instrumental and cover). This is a perfect example of why fewer and fewer people are turning to hardcore punk and on to other forms of music for inspiration. -D. Gomez (New Red Archives)

CLAWHAMMER - RAMWHALE [LP]

Sincerity plays a key role in why I like this record. In all actuality, I should really hate this record because it really doesn't hit any uncharted water. It's rock and roll, but all those rollercoaster crescendos, the constant ups and downs of emotions are what really separates Clawhammer from the rest of the pack. -D. Gomez (Sympathy for the Record Industry)

COFFIN BREAK - CRAWL [LP]

Coffin Break has been doing this stuff for years, and although they shine with their moments of brilliance (the "Kill the President" single is such a classic), they still manage to hit you like a lite beer when you're looking for some 180-proof alcohol. The problems on "Crawl" tend to stem from chief song writers Rob Skinner and Peter Litwin's clash of writing styles. Rob goes for the melodic punk style and Mr. Litwin goes for the grunge. In the end neither style comes out very convincing. If you liked their "Lies/Prey" Sub Pop single out last year, this should be your ticket, but one can't help feeling incomplete after listening to this one. -D. Gomez (Epitaph)



THIS IS CARLOS. I LIKE THE NAME, AND I LIKE THEIR PICTURE. IT'S ACTUALLY ONE OF THE ONLY "PROMO" BAND PHOTOS THAT I COULD STOMACH PRINTING IN THE MAGAZINE — WHICH SHOULD TELL YOU SOMETHING. UNFORTUNATELY THERE'S NO REVIEW OF THEIR 7" BUT WHAT ELSE IS NEW.

THE COMMONWEALTH - NEPENTHE [LP]

Emotional, thought-provoking, vague, moody, (bullshit?), angst ridden, social conscience, youthful, simplistic, (Fugazi?), formulated, predictable and downright boring. Any questions? -D. Gomez (Free Thought, P.O. Box 432, Glen Echo, MD 20812)

CONTROLLED BLEEDING - GOLGOTHA [CD]

A retrospective collection of Controlled Bleeding's medieval religious period. Knowing that Paul Lemos was one of the originators of what is considered "industrial" music today (i.e. Neubauten, Test Dept.), and remembering the ferocity of the noise emitted from each Dry Lungs compilation he's produced and contributed to, I draw a blank when trying to understand this very bizarre musical period (which, thankfully, didn't last too long). Maybe all that oil can banging early in Lemos' career loosened some screws in the musical genius section of his brain. Whatever the case, this CD strained all the reviewer endurance I had and I almost broke my CD player in my haste to eject it. This disc is truly only meant for diehard collectors of Controlled Bleeding - to look at, not listen to. -Kerin (Soleilmoon Recordings, P.O. Box 83296, Oregon, 97283)

THE CREAMERS - STICK IT IN YOUR EAR [CD]

Sure, The Creamers have a couple cuties in the band, but if The Lazy Cowgirls couldn't keep this genre alive, I fail to see how The Creamers will ever sell more than 2000 copies of anything (even autographed panties!). To think, I actually liked their first LP and I can remember some drunken nights in which I watched their whole set. But to sit home and play this disc? I doubt it. Again, if you live in the dark, let The Creamers guide you into temptation. Yawn. But then again, we're living in a time when a group like Bad Religion can sell over a hundred thousand records. Go and figure! -KRK (XXX)

CRYSTLZD MVMNTS - THE LOWEST STEP/IN A ROOM [7"]

"The Lowest Step" is a kinda rhythmic, sacrilegious, elementary school version of Sonic Youth. Radical, tortured turkey-in-a-blender guitar noise solo save this almost derivative song from Sonic Death. Rather alarming! Is that a Timex drum machine, or just a crummy drummer? "In a Room" is much more inspired, from the opening female banshee scream, to the ever more inspirational guitar havoc! Cosmic, over the top, acid-metal fun for the whole family. The guitar mix and vocals provide a Mr. Toads Wild Ride 50 car train wreck right in your living room. An extra intense psychedelic, freak out noise-jam session. Better than Red Crayola from 1967. Sirens, Osterisers, cow bells, the whole love in! We LOVE IT!!!! A MUST HAVE 7". -The Ports & Paul (No. 6 Records, PO Box 3306, New York, NY 10185-0028)



THE CUTTING EDGE OF RIOT MERCHANDISING

JEFF DAHL - WICKED [CD]

Sure Jeff's Rob Tyner-like hair looks cool but if he's standing in front of you at some small club (I swear) you can't see half the band in front! At least he always seems to have a gal dangling on his arm. But that Levi's jacket with all those Stooges patches... Let it go dude. Die Hard. That's what Dahl is. A fucking die hard. One of the last standing punks you'll smell in what's left of the old school. But, God, if this doesn't sound as dated as "The Exploited at the Olympic". The songs are fair and the production is guitars blazing like hell fire ... But who cares? Not I. I'd much rather spin some '90s noise than this. Heard it before. Rerun. -KRK (XXX)

DARK GLOBE - TWO-HEADED HAPPINESS [CD]

This is a real head-scratcher. The first nine tracks of this CD feature pleasant Robyn Hitchcocky jangling guitars and lyrics like "In a garden of candles she sits and prays then walks away in clouds of incense have called my name." At track ten, the distortion boxes kick on, the lyrics change to "Go moo then you die/cut your face/surgery is what I'm looking for/you're scum and you must die... I live for pain/cooked or raw man I wanna see your smiling face go mooooo then you die," and the band makes like Big Black for a while. If your world really needs more jangly guitars you could do worse than the first name tracks, but the loud last seven don't go nearly far enough over the top. -Bob Lee (Dark Globe, 8863 Lemon Ave., La Mesa, CA 91941)

DHARMA BUMS - WELCOME [CD]

On the first listen, I thought this would grow on me. Jangly guitars, nice harmonies, somewhat reminiscent of the mid-'80s REM school of new age folk rock. But after a couple listens it started reminding me of a Portland drizzle - droning, monotonous. I think the rain has got to them, they sound tired. A lot of potential is dampened by a lackluster performance. In the end the words just depressed me and I felt like turning it off, so I did. -FB (Frontier Records, PO Box 22, Sun Valley, CA 91353-0022)

DIRT CLOD FIGHT - EVERYTHING THAT ISN'T [LP]

Jesus Fuckin' Christ! Here's the formula: slow Sabbath intro, tough vocals, enter with Zeppelin groove beat #62. Bring it down low, scream "AAHHEE!" Music goes back up! Back to the same Sabbath style riff, end in E chord. Ten out of eleven songs on this record follow the same pattern. I mean, fuck, what did these guys play or do before Seattle's uprising? Why is it only now that we find it of some interest to actually buy this? Will you be interested in it a year from now? -Paco Jimenez (Flipside Records)

DRAIN - HEAVEN [LP]

I didn't immediately like this: the first few listens left me confused. I eventually came around to liking this, even though it was a little on the techno side of the musical spectrum. It is not that far removed from say, Ministry, only more interesting and less self-important. Little bits of weirdness, like the "Ozark Monkey Chant", offered relief from the speedy machine onslaught. -Evan (Trance, PO Box 49771, Austin, TX 78765)

EDEN - GATEWAY TO THE MYSTERIES [CD]

Weaving their beautiful and ethereal music around you like a web, Eden entrances the listener with the singer's Gregorian chant-like vocals, holding you a willing captive until the end of the album. This band's influences are

obvious - Dead Can Dance, along with various other 4AD bands - but they nevertheless create a completely new realm of sound using minimal to zero percussion, cellos, violins, and clarinets as their tools. Some of the resulting songs have a definite Middle Eastern feel and are the most hypnotic on the record. Where did this band come from? Whatever their origin, with talent like this, Eden is destined for greatness. -Kerin (Third Mind Records)

**ELVIS HITLER - SUPERSADOMASOCHISTICEXPIAL-
IDOCIOUS [CD]**

A two year break from E. Hitler's last disc "Hellbilly" did them absolutely no fucking good. What was once a fun, trashy rock-a-billy band has now mutated into a dumb predictable metal/rock outfit. Too bad, because I really enjoyed the first two discs (which I incredibly enough still own). Not to say this LP doesn't have its moments of fun. But percentage wise? Not a whole lot there. Fun while it lasted I suppose. Nice "Mad Marc Rude" cover, though. -KRK (Restless Records)

ENDINOS EARTHWORM - [LP]

Northwest engineer/producer god Jack Endino comes out with his second record, this time on Cruz records. If you've even heard of Sup Pop or C/Z, you have been acquainted with Jack Endino. This time he teams up with Rob Skinner from Coffin Break, D. House from Skin Yard and some other fellows. The record doesn't feature the crunchy guitar sound that he popularized, and comes off sounding pretty weak, backgroundish, and atmospheric. His vocals sound forced, husky and emotionless. Many of the songs sound pretty Skin Yardish (his other band), and he even redoes "American Nightmare." Mostly dull and not very memorable. What is it about Cruz records that makes me so nervous? -Davee Chowhi (Cruz Records, P.O. Box 7756, Long Beach, CA 90807)

FEAR - ONE FOR THE RECORD [CD]

As much as this looks like a "I need rent money and was in a popular band once" kind of thing, it is surprisingly great. 19 songs recorded during a live broadcast on KPFK in 1986 with all the hits plus a half dozen or so that were never released. Yeah, thousands of dip-shit retro punks are gonna eat this up, but to tell the truth, this really kicks it. For a live recording to sound this good is an accomplishment in itself. -Evan (Restless)

GEKO - PROBING THE GASH... [7"]

Industrial goth (i.e. deathrock without a drum machine) from this two-woman crew. Four songs with dark images, the best being "Nameless" with its heavy back bent and eerie chorused guitar. Definite English deathrock damage combined with the songs' bleak subject matter will leave most paled faced goth scenesters overjoyed and most others quite satisfied. -D. Gomez (Open Records, PO Box 482, Paoli, PA 19301)

GOD AND TEXAS - HISTORY VOLUME ONE [CD]

Back from last year's surprisingly attention demanding LP "Industry Standard", G.A.T. hold back zero as they come out swinging with 10 new songs. Big and burly, G.A.T. refuse to be left behind the times, as they match all current "alternative rock" acts watt for watt, hook for hook, distortion box for distortion box. If you bang your head to all the current hair bands, I fail to see why you can't fling some dandruff to God And Texas as well. -KRK (Rave Records)

GWAR - AMERICA MUST BE DESTROYED [C]

Gwar is the Spinal Tap of heavy metal, complete with graphic lyrics about screwing quadriplegics, monsters that destroy humanity and gory acts of violence. The music has the bone crunching appeal of good metal with plenty of primal guitar riffs, but the vocals are buried in the mix so the only way to decipher this vitriolic bile is to read the lyric sheet. This may be a mixed blessing. Lyrics like "I'll shit in your stump and then bathe in your pee" exemplify Gwar's sensitive treatment of human relations. I know this is all meant in good fun, but it left me a little queasy. -FB (Metal Blade)

HAMMERBOX - [LP]

This is actually the second time I've had to write about this band, and even though I haven't seen any of the band members nude, my opinion stands the same, I like it. C/Z's newest chart climbers have all the musical charm to keep radio listeners awake and enough charging moments to swig beer by. See my review in that speed metal bi-monthly Flipside. -KRK (C/Z Records)



HAMMERHEAD - LOAD KING [7"]

Two songs of riff heavy rock that would totally kill if there was some god damn bass in the recording. -Evan (Amphetamine Reptile, 2541 Nicollet Ave., South Minneapolis, MN 55404)

HORACE PINKER - FORTY SEVEN [7"]

Just by listening to the record, I got the feeling that these were swell guys. Although I am not the biggest fan of power-punk-pop, I enjoyed this record. Yup, serious Fug-All-Car. They're from Arizona, and it seems they have a local following. This 7" follows their demo tape "Big Ugly." Good vocals and catchy songs including a Go-Go's cover. Definitely nostalgic. I always like it when bands print stuff on the inside of their sleeves. Good work boys. -Davee Chowhi. (Horace Pinker, 1432 S.Stalkey Pl., Tempe, AZ 85281)

INTERMIX - [CD]

This is by far the best indutechno album to come out in the last year. Of course, with super musical geniuses Bill Leeb and Rhys Fulber behind the project, how could it not be? Eight tracks, each one better than the last, to assault your ears and make you a believer in this band's computer wizardry. Leeb and Fulber are often imitated, seldom

credited, but never ever outdone. This album incorporates a variety of beats (including some hiphop) per song and the listener is left guessing as to the next musical twist. This isn't cheesy technopop, this is sophisticated Cyberpunk audiodrama (complete sensory overload for smart drug users). Leeb's layering of sound gives the songs on this album (particularly tracks 5-7) enormous depth, with all samples placed in such a way that they become natural extensions of the music. In other words, this album is perfection. -Kerin (Third Mind Records)

IN THE NURSERY - SENSE [CD]

Formerly a Wax Trax (90 bucks) band, In The Nursery's second release on Third Mind is more upbeat than any of their previous records. This is a mostly instrumental album, lots of complicated orchestration (strings, piano, horns) and militant drumming, with vocals thrown in on a couple of tracks. Although talent oozes from this CD, unfortunately so does their pretentiousness. Some of these songs belong as movie background music - picture Kevin Costner running after Melanie Griffith who's on a plane with a bomb on it. Besides that, the vocalist sings in French, and this band's from England. Ish. Enya lovers will eat this up. Ambient music to play at your next dinner party. -Kerin (Third Mind)

JACKKNIFE - NOISE FUCK ORGY [7" EP]

More obnoxious sloppy noise from these fuckers. It has a late '70s naive hormone pissed off quality to it. Dwarves fans take note. -Evan (\$3.00 PP, IMP Records, P.O. Box 34, Portland, OR 77207)

THE JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION - [CD]

I actually come home in a jazz hurry, slap this CD in and then get a drink. Re-establishing priorities? That doesn't happen often at my age- then again it's not often that the scrambled genius of Jon Spencer stumbles across my stereo. And stumble is exactly what happens. The entire world slants when I've got my hand on the volume dial. I'm not sure I can pick you up and set you straight with Spencer. Either you're a Pussy Galore fan or you're not. You know what's rock n' roll or you don't. The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion sweeps up the Pussy debris and erratically slaps together a contraption only he could drive (and get away with). So many songs, so many drunken nights with nothing to do but hold that volume dial steadily. Lord, I've met my match. -KRK

JUST SAY NO - [7" EP]

Well, I'll give J.S.N. this: They can kick a riff for two minutes and you'll swear you don't know what hit you. Nothing machine gun size, but put a hole in yer head it might. More raunch 'n' roll from five guys that just don't know when to turn it down or quit. Nice Pettibon cover to further complicate things. Worth three bucks. -KRK (Staplegun Records, PO Box 867262, Plano, TX 75086-7262)

KING CARCASS - [7"]

All the potential is there for these two songs to fly: a hypnotic guitar line intermixed with tricky, unpredictable drumbeats and relaxed vocals. But this ostrich on qualudes might put you to sleep in minutes. If you can't find your Sominex, put this on your turntable! -D. Gomez (No. 6)

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LARGE HARDWARE - 91 [7" EP]

Juvenile punk rock at its best. Four songs with "Hardwrap" being the most interesting and a cover of "Sunshine of Your Love". The other two are the usual standard PR fare. Since I'm on my downward slope towards age 30, I guess I'm just too old to get excited by this, but I know just how many teenagers there are in this world and they will probably like it. -Evan (\$3.75 from Signal Sound Systems Records, P.O. Box 1861, Victorville, CA 92392)

LORDS OF ACID - ROUGH SEX [CD]

Anyone not having experienced the musical genius of these sexual deviants is either an idiot or deaf. The Lords have created some of the best techno dance stuff this year and this single is in no way different. There's five tracks - two mixes of "Take Control" and three of "Rough Sex" - of which the "Rough Sex" Beltram Whip Mix is the obvious dancefloor hit. The song has been speeded up slightly and drum machines added to the slower sections of the chorus making it impossible for anyone with feet to sit still when it's played. The "Take Control" mixes are good too, though I can't relate to the lyrics as much. "When I think about love, I don't think about bright moons, twinkling stars, wedding bells... I think about pure sex..." Ain't it the truth. -Kerin (Caroline Records, 114 W. 26th St., New York, NY 10001)

LYCIA - IONAI [CD]

Better than usual solo "living room" four track gloom rock from Mesa, AZ. I tend to prefer the pretty instrumentals, as they're a bit less derivative. When I was younger and lived by the Munsters, I would have had a greater appreciation for this. You death rock spider-bats will eat this shit up! The latter part of the CD consists of pretty, haunting, moody, electronic textures. Full of passion, and not too pretentious. "This Moment", "Monsoon I (Anticipation)", "Monsoon II (Aftermath)", "Granada", and "The Realization" are spacious and soothing. The CD ends with "Distant Eastern Glare", an annoying Joy Division lift at 16 RPM. Pity. -Ethan (Projekt Records, Box 1591, Garden Grove, CA 92642-1591)

MAGICBONE - [7" EP]

I like the cover art. Uh, I like the cover art. Did I mention the cover? Big riff, rock-punk. Oh boy! But I'll give the guitar player this - he does muster up some swell sounds. Too bad the genre is all together too overkill. Dollar short - day late. -KRRK (Worry Bird Disk, PO Box 95485, Atlanta, GA 30347)

MALHAVOC - THE RELEASE/PUNISHMENT [C]

Ministry gone metal or a guitar hero discovers drum machines and disco beats. Tolerable but barely. -Evan (Epidemic Records, 1920 Ellesmere Road, Suite 1014-363, Scarboro, OT M1H2W7)

MECCA NORMAL - ARMCHAIRS FIT THROUGH DOORWAYS [7" EP]

I've always liked the simplicity of Mecca Normal and really dig Jean's voice. If you've never heard them before, it's vocals and electric guitar only. If you have heard them before then you've probably already formed an opinion on whether you'd like it or not. -Evan (K Records, P.O. Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98507)

MELVINS - NIGHT GOAT [7"]

The Melvins are unquestionably the most consistent band

to pound its way into the '90s, hands down. You don't even have to like them. I don't care and they sure as hell don't either. But you will never have a straw of an argument that anything has, does, or ever will come close to the pulverizing, relentless hammering of this seemingly harmless trio. "Night Goat" (which plays at 33 1/3) has Dale's trademark brutal drumming dominating waves of distortion as Buzz's voice demands respect. Simple. Simple as a fucking earthquake. The B-side, "Adolescent Wet Dream" is oddly enough a Pussy Galore cover. How these guys ever envisioned their rendition from the original I'll never know. But amazing is the only non-drool word that comes to my extremely sedated mind. If you still haven't fallen prey to the beast named Melvin, please give this inexpensive 7" a venture. You really have no excuse (see live reviews for more ass kissing). -KRRK (Amphetamine Reptile)

METAL MIKE - TED NUGENT IS NOT MY DAD [CD]

Six totally limp and boring three-chord songs that sound like out takes of a lousy band doing bad Ramones covers. For Metal Mike to do something that isn't even the least bit funny pushes this even quicker into the used bin at Arons. -Evan (Triple X)

THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES - MORE NOISE AND OTHER DISTURBANCES [CD]

OK. I am probably guilty of previously being overly gracious and amused by this band. The first record was "interesting". The single did have a ridiculous Aerosmith cover, but now I must take them to task. The Bosstones suck. The singer can't sing, the songs are stupid, and their entire gimmick is a complete joke. To be fair, I never made it past song seven, but even that was punishment enough. -Evan (Taang, PO Box 51, Auburndance, MA 02166)

THE MONKEYWRENCH - CLEAN AS A BROKE-DICK DOG [CD]

"Punks Playing Blues" is what these members of such bands as Mudhoney, Gas Huffer, Big Boys and Lubricated Goat claim to do. Sort of an all-star "alternative" Booker T. and the M.G.'s. For the most part they're pretty successful in making the link between punk and blues, two forms of music that I've always felt share the same highs and shortcomings, the highs on this record being the intensity of some of the tracks. "Call My Body Home" would feel right at home on one of the early Mudhoney releases. Mark Arm's vocals get stronger with each releases. It's also good to hear Tim Kerr's familiar crunchy guitar sound that made the Big Boys stand out years ago. The shortcomings are that both forms of music can be stagnant, no matter who plays on it. After a few songs, you'll find yourself looking for something else to play on your stereo. Still, it would be interesting to see what these guys could do outside of the basics. -D. Gomez (Sub Pop)

MSG - [CD]

For a brief moment on the first cut, "Eve", MSG comes alive, but the song quickly degenerates into a barn dance chorus that negates any impact it might have had. It's all downhill from there as vocalist Robin McAuley explores every lyrical cliché in the hard rock handbook and the band rocks with all the passion of a Budweiser commercial. The parts are all there, crunchy guitars, screechy vocals, big drums, but the sum total is over production and lack of inspiration. I feel sorry for the poor fool who buys this record and thinks that this is what rock and roll is all about.

-FB (Impact Records, 6255 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028)

MURDER, INC. - [C]

Pigface and Killing Joke fans will be drawn to this, a conglomeration of both bands fronted by Chris Connelly, and produced by Albini. Big and chunky and drum-heavy as you'd expect, smoothed out some by Connelly's Bowie drone. -Bob Lee (Invisible)

NAKED AGGRESSION - KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN [7" EP]

These folks are great at what they do. Punk rock, make no bones about it, early '80s thrash lyric-wise. All the damn critics (including me, see the review for Christ on a Crutch) will jump on their asses for having what we might feel as predictable social commentary lyrics. OK, some might see this as the obvious. Naked Aggression don't, and that's why they do what they do. They still kick ass and even though this is not as powerful as the first 7" EP, they are still way beyond a lot of bands of their ilk. -D. Gomez (Broken Rekids, P.O. Box 460402, S.F., CA 94146)

NEITHER/NEITHER WORLD - DISMEMBER THEM [7" EP]

Five song first attempt from this San Francisco Lydia Lunch, Christian Death fusion. The guitar player is occasionally OK. Meandering, reverb saturated spider web music with nasally vocals. Satanic angst by the numbers! Pretentious, ponderous, pabulum for the Pre-teen Pervert. Is she a good witch or a bad witch? "Beelzebub Bells" and "Two Lips" escape the death rock trap in favor of early Psychick TV Tibetan atmosphere. Ten minutes after the record ended I couldn't remember them, remember them, remember them. -Paul (Majestic Chaos, 1072 Folsom #388, San Francisco, CA 94103)

NEOMORT - WORLD OF HURT [C]

This "controversial" band from Minneapolis stuns and agitates plenty of folks from their hometown. Apparently these guys are the outlaws of their scene, with gravel vocals and lyrics revolving around rape, bondage and sodomy that make the liberals in their community soooo mad they're ready to get tough and ... Ewww... boycott! Of course, this only gives this band press they don't deserve because they're really boring. In L.A. this band would be another dull, opening-slot metal band that you would have to endure before the band you wanted to see came on. I'd pay a month's salary to fly Pat Califia to Minneapolis to stick her 12" dildo up their virgin asses so they can write about some S&M they've actually experienced for once. Maybe then this shit might be interesting. -D. Gomez (Big Money Inc.)

NUISANCE - CONFUSION HILLS [LP]

Classic rock on Lookout? Could be. If you can get over the guilt that this record sounds a lot like Neil Young and The Replacements and you still like it, then you can enjoy it. A total Americana, back to nature, hoedown fun-filled record. "Broken Van" is an anthem for anyone that got stuck in Palookaville during a tour. If this sounds like it would thump your melon, get it. -D. Gomez (Lookout)

OSWALD 5-0 - ERASER/FELONY FLATS [7"]

Kind of limp in the sickening "Berkeley Pop"/"Cruzcore" vein. Maybe it's just that it's too happy and the vocal harmonies make me cringe. People who like every single Jawbreaker song might be into this. I'll pass for now.

-Evan (\$3.00 PP from IMP Records)

PAIN TEENS - STIMULATION FESTIVAL [LP]

More cerebral psychotic mayhem from Texasland. Not enough metaphors can be used to characterize the destructive beauty of this five piece band. The Pain Teens are pounding beats that meet and control the heart's cadence with relentless brutality. Let's face it, there is something fucking disturbing when listening to music as sick as this, juxtaposed with a voice as hauntingly celestial as Bliss Bloods'. She lulls you to a sleep of nightmare and fantasy. The first song on the second side, "Living Hell", is actually ... well ... lovely. As peaceful feeling as a patient anesthetized on a table, waiting to kiss the scalpel. Songs about blood, death, and loneliness are what Pain Teens are all about. Samples, buzzed out guitars, vocals and percussion: all the songs are equally moving. Jeffrey Dahmer's favorite band. -Davee Chowhi (Trance Syndicate, P.O. Box 35709, Houston, TX 77235)

PITCHBLEND - [7"]

Although these ex-Unrest members are probably more representative of the cut on side A, it's the flipside that really burns. "Lacquerbox", recorded live on a radio station, is a snail paced noise fest that's reminiscent of early Sonic Youth. The A side "Sum", recorded in a studio, only escapes ridicule due to its dissonant chorus. That's the only thing that makes this otherwise predictable Wire-esque pop listenable. -D. Gomez. (Landspeed, P.O. Box 4066, Duke Station, Durham, NC 27706)

POISON IDEA - BLANK, BLACKOUT, VACANT [CD]

Get one thing straight, I love Poison Idea. I love everything they are about and the size of their shorts. Last year's "Feel the Darkness" was absolute brilliance and I still play that disc like a 16 year old in heat. But (you knew that was coming), this sounds rushed. These are all fair songs as far as impact is concerned - but classic? Far from it. When I think of Poison Idea, I think of classic, immortal and unmatched. But these songs are uninspired and blank in comparison to all the wrecking ball hits of the past. -KRRK (Vinyl Solution Discs)

POPDEFECT - 3RD DEGREE ROAD BURN [7"]

A groovy EP recorded at Attica Studios in Chicago. A splendid assortment of alternative covers. "Jack The

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ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES,
SCHEMING INTELLIGENSIA,
PIECE OF MIND, CARGO,
AND (OF COURSE) MORE

PLEASE INCLUDE NAME AND ADDRESS. REQUESTS FOR ANONYMITY WILL BE RESPECTED. SEND ALL CONTRIBUTIONS IN BY JULY 30TH, 1992. GRAND PRIZE WINNER WILL ALSO RECEIVE, OF COURSE, A ONE YEAR BEN IS DEAD GLOSSY COVERED SUBSCRIPTION. (WE WOULD HAVE OFFERED DREAM DATES WITH THE STAFF BUT WE DIDN'T WANT TO START ANY MORE RIOTS).

Ripper" is the favorite, with its glorious surf guitar. Their cover of the Association's "Windy" captures the way I hear such an obnoxiously infectious song after it's been stuck in your head for two days straight (or two decades!). In fact, that's a pretty good description for most of this record. Nice little 16 page tour/song booklet explains it all. -Ethan (Flipside Records, PO Box 363, Whittier CA 90608)

POST MORTEM - [7"]

Four sexist dicks who really piss me off. What a shitty name, what a shitty cover: a bunch of stupid cut outs that feature three vaginas and what looks like the head of a penis. Not 1/100 as cool as Unrest's new 7" cover. Stupid ugly music that really sucks, they should stick with one style. How dare the start of the first song even attempt to sound like the Melvins? No justice. The b-side, "Anal Drip" has a guy singing who wants to be John from the Laughing Hyenas. How can I rip on it more? -Davee Chowhi (Post Mortem, 57 Chester Rd. Belmont, MA 02178)

THE RAMONAS - [7" EP]

Sorry to say, but your name is dumb. Your songs aren't much better, barely getting any further than what the Ramones did in the mid-70's. I can't even believe I'm writing this drivel. -Evan (Detour Records, 237 8th Ave., San Francisco, CA 94118)

SAGE - SNOW/SNAG [7"]

Sage is a refreshing bit of independent work. "Snow" is an ominous, heavy, driving, polyphonic, 'alternative' song

with pleading disconcerting vocals. "Snow" is pleasantly reminiscent of Perry Farrell's former "post-punk" band Psi-Com. "Snag" is amore open styled funky, quirky, multitextural jazz-jazz love jam. -The Ports & Paul (2816 Harvard E., Seattle, WA, 98102 #324-8430)

SANDY DUNCAN'S EYE - [LP]

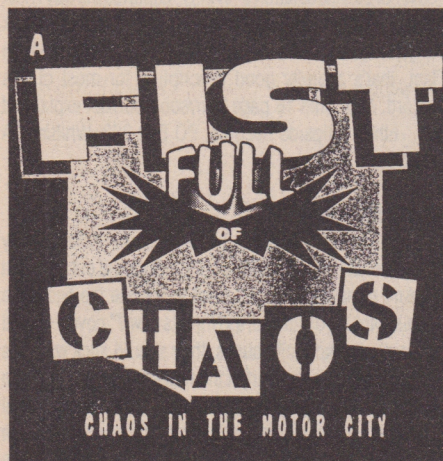
S.D.E. is L.A., no matter what that fool in the Chili Peppers might say about "the city of angels". Like the city, it's growing too fast to catch up to itself. Why bother writing lyrics to your songs when you have a whole catalog of old Who lyrics to use! Pure fuckin' genius these guys are! Down to the lock groove in the middle of the first side of the LP (of a car alarm no less, nothing more annoying), to bagging on the L.A Times on "Dick Tracy". I guess it would be fair to say that most people outside the L.A. area would not get the overall beauty of this record, which is too bad because this is one of the best records to come out in a while. -D. Gomez (Flipside)

SCRAPEYARD - SEX IS SEX [LP]

The opening instrumental is promising but unfortunately it only lasts one minute. From there this record plunges into the shitbucket of yuppie art-funk. I'm embarrassed for East Bay Ray to be playing guitar on it and even more embarrassed for Alternative Tentacles for releasing it. Steer clear. -Evan (Alternative Tentacles)

SCREECHING WEASEL - PERVO-DEVO [7"]

Sure, the "Teen Punks in Heat" zine that accompanies this 7" is funny (for a minute or two) but Screeching Weasel are as boring as shit on the heel of a shoe. More, more, and more stupid emo-pop-punk crap, like all that Northern



California garbage that multiplies like maggots. Outside of a five mile radius, this stuff is even more redundant than reading the letter section of a major fanzine. The youth of today have no discrimination towards what they buy or listen to. As long as they can jump around to it in a politically correct sweat box, fine with them. If you buy this ... God, you're dull. -KRK (Stupid Label)

SEAM - HEADSPARKS [CD]

Their bio says they're "influenced by the Swans-to-Galaxie 500-to-Codeine brand of 'slow rock'... reincorporated with Punk Rock." Sounds like the Melvins on paper, but an



photo: David

awful lot like Dinosaur Jr. on CD. I'm most impressed by Mack, singer/guitarist from Superchunk, who does a great job playing drums on this. -Bob Lee (Homestead)

SEAWEED - WEAK [LP]

A different surprise from this melodic punk band out of Seattle. Heavy guitars - indicative of Mr. Jack Endino's production - makes the sound varied enough sound quite like every other melodic punk band in the universe. They go miles above that, managing not to bore the listener to tears with the same Husker Du/Stiff Little Fingers cliches, yet they have enough angst in their pants to make you want to slam at a party with Ethan Port. Best of this genre since the demise of Fuel and Cringer. -D. Gomez (Sub Pop)

SIX FINGER SATELLITE - [CD]

Okay - so maybe it isn't a complete TAD rip off. I've heard this enough to figure out - still, it impresses me about as much as TAD, which is less than the Afghan Wigs (now THAT is low). Maybe if this four song CD had come out three years ago, it would be more interesting, but the idea of a band governed by screeching guitars and a hoarse vocalist rocking out, is about as appealing as an anchovy pizza. At least the Poster Children write catchy songs and have a girl in the band. -KRK (Sub Pop)

SLUDGEMORTH - WHAT'S THIS? [LP]

Right off the bat - the cover is a blow-me joke. As if the FLAMING LIPS and (just recently) CRUST haven't already capitalized from the gross eyeball cover. Dumb. Sludgemorth released a single a few years ago. It really wasn't great but play it, I did. Throw up, I didn't. This LP is really, really tired. This could be any batch of goofy kids across the country playing "emotional" pop-punk. It's just so fucking overdone. Come on guys. Stop and listen. Is there anything remotely interesting or clever about this harmonious-sludge? No. No fucking way. If you must express yourselves do it in the closet. -KRK (Johanns Face Records, P.O. Box 479-164, Chicago, IL 60647)

SPUNK - YOU GONNA EAT THIS [7" EP]

Hyper metal-core with the usual cliches and the now almost standard crossover rap (actually it's only on one song and the scratching is pretty cool). It comes with an eight-page booklet, the sleeve looks cool. It's not all that bad, I mean I've heard a lot worse, it just didn't make a big impact on me. -Evan (Scratched Records, P.O. Box 800867, Dallas, TX 75380-0867)

SSD - POWER [C]

A tape - why the fuck did Taang! send a tape? Send vinyl, send a CD, send your cross-eyed sister, don't send a tape, idiot! SSD - God O'Mighty. When I think of SSD, I think of kids who were so insane with rage everything from their eyes to their piss was blood red. Kids that played their instruments so hard and fast... they crazy glued their guitar picks on their fingers (true!). SSD will never, ever be matched (sorry, Blast!). I, of course, am speaking of the first two LPs and since this "Best Of" release was put together by Curtis (Taang!), Springa (vocals) and Alan (guitar) it absolutely sucks colons clean. You'd think these has-beens would have had the drug free sense to stick to the landmark classics - but no. Instead, we sit through an hour of hardcore/metal Russian roulette, losing most of the fucking time. I didn't think anyone in Boston would be dumb enough to louse up something as simple as this. But then again... where's Slapshot from? -KRK (Taang! Records)

SWAMP ZOMBIES - A FRENZY OF MUSIC AND ACTION! [C]

Psychedelic folk revivalism for really nice, zany, happy, funny, wacky, trippy, neat guys like the ones described in their bio. Not being neat enough myself, I frown upon it, but it only giggles back. May have to bury the motherfucker. -Bob Lee (Dr. Dream)

TEN BRITE SPIKES - THE LA MANCH CANDIDATE [10"]

College pop that has possibilities but stays far too lame to make any lasting impact. I might be more apt to like this if they didn't remind me of The Replacements so much. I'm not sure why this was made a 10" as a 7" would have given me less expectations and I wouldn't have felt so let down. Next time TBS should eat their Wheaties before recording and we might have something substantial. -Evan (New Red Archives)

THERAPY? - CAUCASIAN PSYCHOSIS [LP]

If I were in a band, the absolute last four names I would ever want anywhere near my press kit would definitely be Big Black, Godflesh, Ministry and Fugazi. Repulsive. Therapy? almost seem proud to "borrow" such sounds, but in reality none of this comes as a surprise to me. In a time when the next best thing to an all girl band is sounding like an innovative band, Therapy? makes good sense and a safe gamble for Touch 'N' Go. I can already hear the distributors calling the record stores: "It's really good - imagine the percussiveness of Big Black. The melodies of Fugazi and the stupidity of Ministry." "Wow! Give me 50 CDs." Sure, Therapy? will entertain those who weren't around when the four above mentioned groups still had ideas, but to me this is just another product to shove down the throats of the "alternative" market, which in itself is becoming more and more mainstream with every 100,000 records Nirvana sells. Next thing you know Touch N Go will be rereleasing all their "hits" on colored vinyl (hi SST). How deep is a punker's pocket? Time to buy a gun! -Krk (Touch N Go)

THOSE UNKNOWN - [7" EP]

Predictable punk rock, Ramones style that will hopefully keep "Those Unknown" unknown. If you want to know more about this 7" EP, buy it used at Peanut Records in Lomita 'cause this is where I'm probably going to sell it if Steve

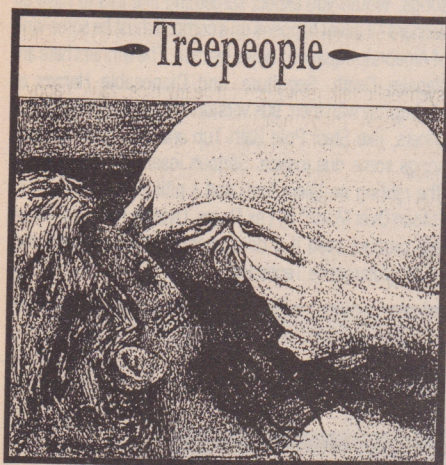
so gracious. -D. Gomez (Headache Records, 53 Myrtle, Midland Park, NJ, 07432)

THE TROUBLE WITH LARRY - [7" EP]

Some bands, try as they might, would be better off trying to tip over the Leaning Tower of Pisa than record an interesting song. It's not like they haven't been around long enough to figure things out - some bands just don't get it. Goth rock. -KRK (Good Kitty Records, 201A N. Davis Ave., Richmond, VA 23220)

Tsunami - GENIUSES OF CRACK [7"]

I saw Tsunami in Washington. The club was packed. I was still fresh in town, so I figured the audience knew something I didn't. So, I shoved my way into the front of the stage and started to video, even as Tsunami tuned their guitars. Three songs into the set. PAUSE. Tsunami were more like a splash of water in a kiddie pool than a fucking tidal wave. Another girl-fronted "charming, pop-punk" band. "Textured harmonies and soft soulful vocals." How many times have you read that stupid ass line in a review? OK, ok. Tsunami have managed to write two fairly listen-worthy teen anthems,



but this whole sound, attitude, and approach to ("alternative") music bores me. Maybe I'm not a suffering, sensitive male. Maybe I drink too much. On the other hand, maybe I don't drink enough. -KRK (Homestead Records)

TVTV\$ - BRAINWASHINGTON [CD]

Rather eclectic mix of oldstyle/newstyle punk rock bass-guitar-drum thing. The CD has a very 'live' sound. The Sony Side starts out with "Bradley In A Noose", a Jane's Addiction-ish poke at our Mayor. "Hippie-Crit" has a definite early Clash sound. "Personal Quarantine" starts off like "Stairway To Heaven" but quickly erupts into a groovy hardcore thrash hit with a really nice Helios Creed style ascending guitar melody. "Aids Is A Four Letter Word" is a folksy political ballad that lives up to its name. The "Magnavox Side" tends to be a bit more "straight ahead" R'n'R, but still alternative. Most of the songs begin with little taped ditties from television. There's an unlisted 11th track telling us to "take your radiation like a man". Many of the songs have really familiar sounding "licks"...but I can't quite place 'em. At least with TVTV\$ each song has DIFFERENT sounding lick. Combined with the hip socio-political lyrics and the cool background tapes, TVTV\$ are miles ahead of the usual college grunge pack. -Ethan (Flipside)

VAMPIRE RODENTS - PREMONITION [CD]

Having read I.P. Freely's review of this band in B.I.D. #14, I grabbed this disc thinking I'd hear the sounds of the new industrial messiah. Instead, I was tortured by 71.70 minutes of the worst music I've heard since Sykotic Symphony, and even they had the sense to release their shit on cassette instead of CD. But, I guess this needed all the help it could get. Try imagining a musical nightmare consisting of casios set on "piano" mode, heavy funk bass and occasional thumping of bongo drums topped off by Tweety Bird samples. If that weren't enough to scare you, the vocalist sounds like a cross between Nivek Ogre and Kermit the Frog. The one decent song on this CD, "Annexation" (an instrumental), isn't worth the pain of listening to even a few seconds of the other 20. I don't know what drug I.P. was on when he reviewed them, but I wish he would have had the consideration to give me some too. -Kerin (V.R. Productions, P.O. Box 36988, Phoenix, AZ 85067)

VICTIM'S FAMILY - THE GERM [LP]

I've played this record more times this week than I've played with myself, and I still can't figure out what's the big fucking deal with it. Oh, I know what all you musician types are screaming, "But they're so tight". Yeah, well so is my dog's asshole and I don't get into that. Victim's Family have less soul than my grandfather's wingtips. These guys are such a mechanical bore. Every song is fuzz boing boing drum fuzz boing boing drum. Any batch of balding jazz dorks can play this shit if they have enough teenage girls wiggling in front of the stage. This album is one giant swirl of nothing, and trust me, when they released their first LP, I was curious. But (who knows how many years later) they have taken it nowhere. When I think of precision I think of polyester and pocket protectors, not rock n' roll. If you like this you probably have more dictionaries in your house than you do records. -KRK

THE VINDICTIVES - [7" EP]

Predictable, boring, snotty punk rock with atrocious vocal harmonies. Will this genre ever die? \$5.00 for the first person who can convince me of the relevance for the constant cloning of this formula. -Evan (P.O. Box 183, Franklin Park, IL 60131)

JOHN WAYNE - TEXAS FUNERAL [CD]

Out of print since 1985, I can't help but think that that was for a good reason, like, perhaps, no one gives a fuck except for some drunk Fist Puppet. OK - the first two, maybe three, songs are cute, like a pitbull's balls. But if you've heard the Hickoids ... you need this like you do another Nirvana bootleg 7". What people will buy!!! -KRK (Fist Puppet)

WEEN - THE POD [LP]

If you're an "alternative" person who hasn't quite kicked the "classic rock" habit which inhibits you from getting into something real intense, here's a record for you! A double record (no less) of re-written classic rock songs with a satirical edge. That way you can feel a little smarter than the average Joe that listens just to Beatles and Pink Floyd. These guys have over 3,600 hours of music that they recorded for you during their recording session if you want more. Shit, you could do this too if you had 3,600 hours to waste re-writing A.O.R. rock songs. What a complete pile of shit, but the college rock audience will eat this up in truck loads. -D. Gomez (Shimmy Disc)

WISEBLOOD - PITM [CD]

Four rather uninspiring tunes true to the Clint Ruin standard.

I'm not at all into this hyped-up techno soul shit, but I know lots of people are. So if you liked the previous Foetus/Ruin stuff you will probably be into this. -Evan (Big Cat, Radio City Station, P.O. Box 855, New York, NY 101021-0855)



WOOFER - [7"]

The thought of "O" releasing a record I don't hate, bothers me to no end. "O" releasing a record I like, well, straight jacket here I come. Gear Jammer this ain't, God Bullies it smokes. Olivelaawn? Where's my hat? "O" has been around long enough to know where shit comes from, so a stinker we don't get - but a polished gem ... far from it. I suppose the low-fi production adds charm to this ("I swear it's not a") solo project, and the guitar playing is a hell of a lot more interesting than the last Olive Lawn LP I heard. Woofers won't cure blue balls but grinds the majority of indie-rock shit I'm forced to listen to - sure. Now can I have a hat? -KRK (Decrepit)

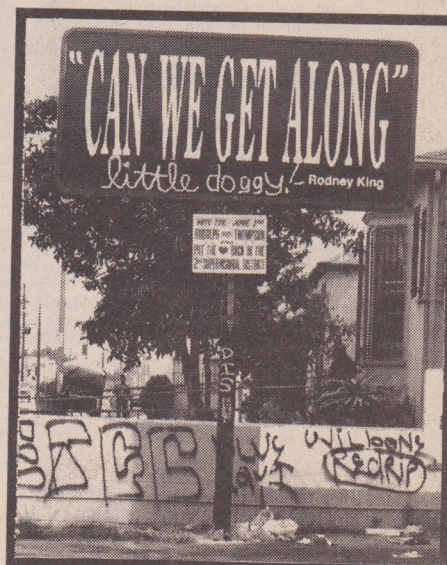
THE YOUNG GODS - T.V. SKY [CD]

T.V. Sky is a tribute to Franz Reise's vocal ability - the music on most songs steps to either side of his incredible singing, allowing him to pummel the listener's ears vocally. The track "Summer Eyes" is a perfect example. This almost 20 minute song starts off with Doors type keyboards, and Reise singing at a moderate level. Then there's a long instrumental break which turns to a grungy reggae beat, with Reise now bellowing out the lyrics like commands. Although nothing on this disc is as fast paced as "Envoyer", this new more melodic sound is definitely as intense as their previous stuff. -Kerin (Play It Again Sam, 114 W. 26th St., New York, NY 10001)

COMPS AND SPLITS

GUITARRORISTS [CD]

A great collection of compositions from a virtual who's who of the world's "alternative" guitarists, spanning the expanse between acoustic classical to straight rock to psychedelic to spaz noise, all with no drums, no bass, and no vocals. Twenty-six tracks for the delight of guitar enthusiasts. Here's a rundown of some of the "stars": Steve Albini, Thurston Moore, Lee Ranaldo, Paul Leary, Kramer, Helios



Creed, Sonic Boom, J. Mascis, Wayne Coyne.... -Evan (No. 6 Records)

AMPHETAMINE REPTILE PEEL SESSIONS [CD]

Four bands, eight songs. The Cows open the package with what have to be the boldest, most whacked out songs John Peel ever recorded, yet alone played on his "world famous" radio program. "You Are So Beautiful" and "How Dry I Am". Helmet kick down the hits "Rude" and "Sinatra". The vocals sound a little funny, but aside from that these are cool versions. Yet the show stopper isn't with either of those two press darlings. Surgery, surprisingly enough smoke two of the best songs I've heard in quite some time. "Dear Laura" has a southern feel with the slickest guitar work this band has played to date. "D-Nice" takes things back to Surgery blue print brutality. Great shit. Tar finish things off with two rocking songs that are no easy task for these sludge heads. Nice. Quick overview? Surgery's time has come, the Cows remain insane while Helmet and Tar take a back seat on this one. This album is worth its weight in Madonna's pubic hair. -KRK (Dutch East India)

CHARMED [LP]

More interesting than the slaughter of punk rock shit I've had to review lately. From mellow orchestral electronic pieces to noise compositions, this runs the gamut. Also sandwiched inside is some decent piano playing and some scary New Age acoustic guitar stuff. If found in a used bin for cheap, the adventurous might find something in here worth their money. If not, you might be able to give it to your mom for Mothers' Day. -Evan (Poison Plant, 7 Woodsend Pl., Rockville, MD 20854)

CLAM CHOWDER AND SHIT vs. BIG MACS AND BONERS [LP]

I was at a local record store the day this record arrived and one of the goof balls behind the counter gets a sparkle in his eye as he yells to me from across the room "Have you seen THIS?" (Like, I'm supposed to give a fuck). I walk over and he's dangling it in my face, like it was some sort of prize for having guessed Elvis' penis size. So, I look at it, "Oh, it's nice." He's like "It has NoMeansNo, Mudhoney, Shadowy Men, The Mummies, and more!". He was so enthusiastic I almost bought it just so he wouldn't soil his shorts. But it was about six dollars too much for me. Well, here I am one month later with a free copy on my lap. Boy am I glad it wasn't two dollars that day because if it was, I would have bought it and had to have returned it! Absolute shit. Not one band turns in a half way interesting song (OK, The Mummies come close). Typical comp - a couple big names carrying a bunch of nothings. To top it off there are a bunch of stupid interviews every three songs. Don't bother unless you're a die hard collector or a fool. -KRK (Nardwuar Records, Vancouver)

FIST FULL OF CHAOS (CHAOS IN THE MOTOR CITY) [CD]

First of all this is not in any way as chaotic as the name implies. It does however remind me of bad local bands bound for fame at the local espresso club or sports bar. There might even be something worthwhile on here but I couldn't find it because every time I put it on, household chores suddenly seemed more important and fun. Once I took a shower. Another time I did dishes and yet another time I read the paper. This all must have something to do with the amount of my interest that was not enticed by the

music. Dig? -Evan (Chaos Network, 3652 Bedford Rd., Detroit, MI 48224)

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE BYRON [CD]

It's a good thing I read the press kit after I listened to the music, otherwise I might have gotten all excited over nothing. This CD features seven bands from the DeKalb, Illinois "music scene", and is chock full of songs (fourteen in all) that evoke a feeling of lying drunk in the back of a blue pick-up truck in the middle of a corn field. Festering Rinyanyons, appropriately describing themselves as "really annoying", are also really boring as they numb your ears with their monotonous and repetitive bass and guitar lines. From there it's all downhill as one garden variety college rock band after another assaults you with their not too original or earth-moving dribble (Klugmanotts lose hands down for throwing in that harmonica). Maybe they're all good live, or maybe it's an Illinois thing? -Shelby (c/o Russell Schenke, 1935 S. Plum Grove Rd. #325, Palantine, IL 60067)

VIRUS 100 [LP]

A compilation of sixteen bands doing fifteen Dead Kennedys' songs. Would you expect something like this to have all winners? It never happens on a comp. It must be some kind of Algebraic equation I never learned. The winners here are Napalm Death, Sepultura, and Disposable Heroes of Hiphoprisy with their '90s version of California Uber Alles. Others, like Steel Pole Bath Tub and L7 do the original songs some due justice. Serious losers are Mojo Nixon (the ranting no-talent fool) and a pitifully pop version of "Moon Over Marin" by Les Thugs. Overall, I would endorse this product even if it does seem a little self-indulgent. -Evan (Alternative Tentacles)



Articles of Faith Core

[Blitzcore LP/CD]
Compilation of the
Artifacts of American
Hardcore—Boston style.
Featuring previously
unreleased material
recorded with Paul
Mahern (Zero Boys).

ARTICLES OF FAITH

CORE

Sixteen Tons Headshot

[Abstract LP/CD]
Good ol' boys from Champaign.
Illinois spew out razor sharp,
tortured tunes 'bout shooting up
strykne, drivin' fast and pickin'
up goils....

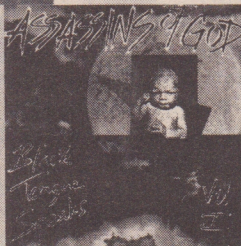


Mass Rushingfloodperfume

[Abstract LP/CD]
Debut full length
release of hair-
throwin', melodic
guitar rock
from Oxford,
England.

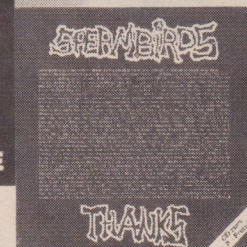
Assassins of God Black Tongue Speaks

[Bonzen LP/CD]
Assassins of God belch
out skull-crushing
speed core, fusing
elements of jazz, Metal
and blues with
demonic vocals, teeth
grinding guitar and gut
jarring bass-lines.



Spermbirds Thanks

[X-Mist LP/CD]
A decade of
rockin' in the
hard-core style.
The Spermbirds rock
your world live
and in your face...
the way it was
meant to be.



Honeymoon Killers Hung Far Low

[Fistpuppet LP/CD]
New release from NYC's
grunge rock gods. A murky,
protein-laden wad of brain
cleanser far superior to your
average Q-tip. Featuring Jon
Spencer from Pussy Galore.



Poison Idea Dutch Courage
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Seminal punk rawk
band from Portland,
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Europe. 19 tracks
including covers of the
Go-Go's "We Got the
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ANTI-DEMO COLUMN

Look yonder in the distance, my children... Towards HOLLYWOOD, this modern BABYLON... Before ye multitudes stands an array of COLOSSAL, SYPHILITIC, PUS-OOZING PENISES... Each one standeth 3450 cubits high; each one hath a girth that measureth 940 cubits... So enormous they blacken the skies in mid-day, and blotteth out the moon and brightest stars in the night... These humungous DICKS hath many a name; they are known to the heathens as "THE BMG BUILDING"... "MOTOWN"... "SUNSET TOWERS"... "CAPITOL RECORDS"... Yea, but ye children are fearful... You doth not form a covenant, and throw STONES in their direction... Indeed, you instead RUN towards yon festering monoliths with ECSTATIC, WILD ABANDON to receive their UNHOLY BAPTISM of SULPHUR, RAW SEWAGE and BILE!... Bethren, where is thine COURAGE?... Are ye multitudes so VEXED and LOST that you would turn towards this EVIL?... Would ye follow an ASS homeward, and sleep in his stable, and speak of this stable as a TEMPLE?... Verily, I saith unto thee: go out into the world: be fruitful: cast your TAPES far and wide, and preach your GOSPEL to every creature: and let your MILK and HONEY flow into the GAS TANKS of the MONEYCHANGERS... For as their corruptions multiply, so do our TRIBULATIONS and SUFFERING... And as Hollywood hath BURNED a fortnight before, so shall it BURN AGAIN, and AGAIN, and AGAIN!... And so it shall come to pass that this latter-day GOMORRAH will be consumed in a HAIL of BRIMSTONE and ASHES: AND IT SHALL ALSO COME TO PASS that after this ARMAGEDDON the LAST shall be FIRST, and THE FIRST SHALL BE LAST: and whosoever looks back upon the fetid, smoldering PYRE will be turned into a PILLAR of TRENDY DOGSHIT... Thus saith I.P. FREELY... SELAH.

ORANGE WEDGE

Sweet Home Pasadena

The press release for this band says that Orange Wedge is the "love child of Elvin Bishop, Motorhead & the MC5". Well it still all sounds like Van Halen to me. Perhaps I'm just callous and unrefined, and can't discern the fine points that separate metal boogie rock bands and their blowhard front men from one another. These guys have a "twin lead guitar" attack that they seem pretty proud of and they flaunt it at every opportunity in this tape. I can just see them now: It's a sweltering night at the Troubadour... It's the last song in the set, the lights are flashing like crazy, as soon as the singer finishes the second verse those two guitarists and bass player go for that Vegas chorus line style synchronized-headbang-thing just like Molly Hatchet minus one, and all 18 people in the place (6 paid) are just going wild! You know, it's funny... If this review was in BAM or Music Connection, it would be a rave notice; but since it's in Ben Is Dead, well...

REVOLUTION CAFE

1992

Revolution Cafe enclose a poster with this tape for one of their live shows that features a line-up of bands who have all been raked over the coals in this column before. It gave me an idea: I should pursue having my own night at the Anti-Club to highlight bands from the Anti-Demo Column. I mulled this over for a few minutes, dropping the whole idea when I realized that I'd have to actually hang out with all these losers for 6 hours or so at every gig. Worse yet, I'd have to set foot in the Anti-Club. This group plays a reflective and loosely structured kind of "Alternative Rock-N-Roll" (their tag not mine god forbid) that's interesting in it's more spaced out moments, when the hazy grungy guitars and rhythm section are struggling with each other to find a groove. There's one pitiful attempt at Hollywood-style funk-rock on side 2 that I could have done without, but the first and last songs with their junky feedbacking guitar noise and weird words are OK.

FREAK SHOW

Straight Outta Irvine

With this tape, Freak Show send along a fish-eye lens photo of the band all decked out in the latest in Melrose Ave. finery (Dr. Seuss hats, tie-die, skull bandanas and such), and a cover letter that expresses the band's earnest wish to pass the Review-O-Matic's vomit test and cash in on the 20 point bonus score. Well, due to the "Largest American civil disturbance in the 20th century", they get their wish (see sidebar) because there's no chart this month. However, without the confusion of the chart my words will become that much more conspicuous to the readers. This is not good for Freak Show, who work out on this tape with a barrage of



BOOKS 10
CANCELED STAL 10
BRAGGING, OVERBLU... PRESS K* (10 pts.)
LAME CONCEPT (see below)
ERASE TAPS INTACT? (10 pts.)
GOT THROUGH IT WITHOUT VOMITING (20 pts.)
TOTALS 16 17 30 17 20 12 22 0 1 1 26 9



LAME CONCEPT SCORING

- 10: TOO INTELLECTUAL TO HAVE A CONCEPT. Leave art school at once. Do not pass Go do not collect \$200.
-15: DATED CONCEPT. Spare me--send it to Rolling Stone or their bastard spawn at Maximum Rock & Roll.
-25: SUCCESS CONCEPT. Hey, you're the next Warrant! Allow I.P. to give you a toilet shampoo!

SCORING:
100-100.....MATHEMATICALLY IMPOSSIBLE--IT MUST BE SOMEONE I'M SLEEPING WITH
100-79.....THE MESSIAH HAS RETURNED
40-69.....RESERVES A HUNK OF THAT MICHAEL JACKSON BILLION
20-39.....MAY BE THEY'RE GOOD OR MAYBE THEY JUST LEFT IN THE ERASE TAPS
0-19.....NOT MUCH GOING ON HERE--SAVE YOUR MONEY
-20 -1.....SHOULD PUT AN AD IN THE RECYCLER AND SELL ALL THEIR EQUIPMENT
-55 -21.....SHOULD GIVE THEIR EQUIPMENT AWAY AND THEN LIGHT THEMSELVES ON FIRE
-55 and under.....MATHEMATICALLY IMPOSSIBLE--IT MUST BE A VENDETTA OF MINE

The Review-O-Matic is closed until next issue. The column survived the riots, but some of our stock was lost due to smoke and water damage. A claim was filed with our insurance carrier, Prematic Service; but when I called my agent to ask if we were covered for Demo Tapes she just laughed for about 3 or 4 minutes straight and hung up.

D.A. Ira Reiner, in a live TV interview broadcast the day after the worst of the LA rioting occurred, stated that the burning, looting and general lawlessness of the riots was perpetrated not by the rank and file citizenry as a result of outrage from the King verdict, but instead were random, spontaneous acts of anarchy by "thugs, gang-bangers and hooligans" who "took advantage a situation touched off by the anger of NORMAL people". I concur with this analysis; I tend to agree with Reiner because he's got a killer make-up artist and he always makes sure to put a lot of mousse in his hair before anyone sticks a camera in his puss.

At any rate, I already knew who was responsible for the violence--it was all those bands that I've been writing about for the last 2 years, those THUGS and HOOLIGANS of the 'alternative scene', out there in the street in front of my place, using the riots as a cover for their little revenge schemes. I have a Sony Hi-8 camcorder, and I could have filmed you all to use for evidence in court later, but I thought "Fucking God--having their AUDIO cassettes around me is bad enough; now I'm going to collect VIDEOTAPES of them too? How much more abuse can I TAKE?"

overkill metal pomposity and anger me to distraction with their cartoonish posturing and calculated musical inanities. All the usual metal tricks are trotted out here. The singer goes for that high, shrill harsh vocalizing that metal bands are so infatuated with. I was trying to think of a way to

describe his singing and all that came to mind was that he sounds a lot like Henry Rollins imitating his mom on one of his spoken word tapes. If you and your band are just dying to be considered passé, then send Freak Show a few bucks for this tape and take a few lessons from some real experts.

JOKER PICKLE'S REACTION

Jello Loves Me, This I Know

A chaotic and schizoid 6-song tape from a band who meander from one style of music to the next like nervous bees collecting pollen. These jams are topped off with lots of socio-political lyrics and narration which is one way to go about getting signed I guess; Alternative Tentacles loves this kind of stuff. The singer even has a pronounced lisp just like Jello. Is this what you have to sound like when you skewer the middle-class American lifestyle in your songs? Maybe you have to work at it or something. Actually, the singer doesn't sound that much like Jello... More like John Ritter, I think. From that show Three's Company, you remember him, he was the effeminate one. John might be one of the singer's big influences but I'm out of touch with reality so what do I know. All I do with my life is sit around all day in my shorts ducking the landlady and writing acerbic diatribes about cassettes that I get in the mail that don't even come with boxes to put them in (like this one).

SUBJUGATOR

Death By Natural Causes

This 4-song tape from a 4-member band made up of 4 Metallica disciples from Huntington Beach. Subjugator has the Speed Core formula down to a science—Growl your lyrics just like Hetfield, sing about a lot of morbid shit, put in a 'thanks to' list that shows off how many friends you have out in the suburbs (including everyone's rad nicknames in quotes), and always stand in front of a chain link fence scowling when you take a group photo. One highlight of "Death By Natural Causes" is the truly hilarious lyrical content, like the words of their ode to (no shit) supermarket product code scanners called "Grocery Store Customer", and the obligatory death metal nuclear holocaust song, "Final Day". This is about the twentieth tape I've gotten that has originated from the South Bay. Apparently Huntington Beach is so boring that the youth of the town has nothing better to do than form bands in order to record demo tapes to send to I.P. Freely so that they can see how bad they can get thrashed in print. Well, that's one way to get your kicks...It beats to hell a lot of other Orange County cultural activities like falling asleep while watching MTV.

PANSY DIVISION

Undressed

This band should be in constant rotation on MTV! This country needs a band like Pansy Division to stir things up a bit. Unfortunately it'll probably never happen. The squares at MTV are fine when it comes to sound bites about AIDS awareness... I mean, fags dying in hospices are OK; but the ones that are alive and well and singing about the joys of licking a big cock make the boys at the top a little queasy. Well to hell with them anyway and I've already mentioned MTV four times in this column so good riddance to free advertising for scum like that. "Undressed" features 11 Riotous songs including "Rock & Roll Queer Bar", "Fem In A Black Leather Jacket", "Hippy Dude" ("I can't wait to get my hands on your hippy dick") and "The Cocksucker Club". The songs are performed in a Transformer-era Lou Reed electric-folk style and most of them are pretty catchy. Also you get a nude picture of Iggy on the cover, the same one you've seen a million times but this one's on PINK PAPER. This tape gave me a great idea for what to do with all the cassettes that pile up every month after I finish this column and send it off to Darby: I scramble up all the tapes, put them into different envelopes than the ones they came in, tape them



HE SHOULD HAVE GONE TO CIRCUIT CITY! This column is now close-captioned for the hearing impaired (that means all of you). The singer is saying: "Big Brother is watching... Pay tribute and bring me a Rainer 12-pack, punkers". The crowd responds: "Fuck you—we paid \$8.00 at the door, if this is pay-per-view we want to see the Holyfield-Holmes fight!" (If he pukes while wearing that TV the band can get a gig at L.A.C.E. as performance artists.)

back up and dump the whole lot in the corner mailbox. The envelopes then get returned to these bands but with other people's tapes inside them. It warms my heart to think of Orange Wedge (see preceding page) popping this one in the Kraco as they cruise down the street in their '82 Trans Am.

GLUE GUN

3 Days Of Peace And Love On Martin Sheen's Property Illegally

Topanga Canyon punkers performing seven little ditties of driving intensity. The songs are about robbing convenience stores to get beer when you run out, dumping your girlfriend so you have more time to ride your dirt bike, cows being slaughtered, and the evils of television (the singer does this one while wearing a Panasonic portable on his head—see photo). Steady beat, but not much interesting happening musically. They must have to save their strength for their live show which Glue Gun assures me will "blow my fucking mind". And judging from the singer's claim in the lyrics to "Skate The Haight", I bet it fucking will, too—the singer brags that on just a couple of beers he can skate from Haight Street in San Francisco all the way to People's Park in Berkeley. Christ, this I gotta see... He must just do a totally gravity-defying dumpster ollie outside Cala foods, 180 it right up over the Bay Bridge, do a hip-flip and frontside grind over the toll booth, latch onto a mini-van traveling north, take the first Berkeley exit off I-80 doing fakie ollies all the way up University Ave., make a couple of turns and there ya are... Good lord, not even Valley or Tony Hawk can top that!

THE GAY CHAOS

The Social Epidemic

This band seems to have recorded this tape especially for ME. The xeroxed cover contains a not-so-subtle subliminal advertising message... In ghostly hand written script are printed the words WE WANT TO HAVE SEX WITH I.P. FREELY. Their concept is a punk variation on doo-wop & acapella: three guys imitating guitar, bass and drums with their mouths (the "drummer" goes 'sss-sss-sss', the "bassist" goes dum-dum-doo-dum', etc.). The main guy sings retarded songs over this accompaniment like "No More KKK". "No More KKK" has absolutely nothing to do with the Klan

whatsoever, as the singer instead uses the time to mumble 4 or 5 stanzas about his genital warts. Two other unforgettable tracks round out this effort that also comes with a xeroxed lyric sheet and a "Gay Chaos Membership Card" (a hand written laminated piece of 3-ring binder paper). Dubbed onto a 3-for-\$1.00 Broadway Ave. bargain table special cassette to maximize the already ungodly amount of tape hiss, and they set the price for this tape at \$13.00 + 8.25% CA sales tax. But instead you really should fill out a W-4 form, take it over to their house in person and get their signature on it so they can pay YOU for having to listen to this thing.

BABETTE'S FEAST

A Mouth Full Of Reasons

Swinger's organizations from coast to coast might like to party down with this band from Illinois who send along a topless group photo with the 3 guys and 2 girls all wearing pasties. If they put black tape over their eyes as well they could guarantee themselves a U.S. tour. Send \$3.00 and S.A.S.E. for soiled underpants and all-new color 8 x 10s.

LAST WARNING

Suburban Youth

This band takes on all comers in the Try-To-Cram-As-Many-Words-Into-A-Trash-Song-Verse-as-You-Can championship, edging out even Slayer for top honors. With "Suburban Youth", Last Warning adhere to all the punk rock standards of practice. Tape inserts made on Copymat's cheap machines. The recording studio used was apparently some service station's toilet. And of course you have to put those '3x, 4x, 8x' appendages on the choruses of the lyric sheet for the many fans of the band that haven't learned how to count yet.

ORANGE WEDGE / 6324 Santa Monica Blvd., LA, CA 90038
FREAK SHOW / P.O. Box 6223, Orange, CA 92613-1258
REVOLUTION CAFE / 2847 Pyrites St., LA, CA 90032
JOKER PICKLE REACTION / 3654 Linden Ave., L.B., CA 90807
SUBJUGATOR / P.O. Box 2700, Huntington Beach, CA 92647
PANSY DIVISION / PO Box 460885, San Francisco, CA 94146
GLUE GUN / General Delivery, Topanga, CA
THE GAY CHAOS / 610 Carnelian St., Redondo Beach, CA 90277
BABETTE'S FEAST / P.O. Box 298, Lake Zurich, IL 60047-0298
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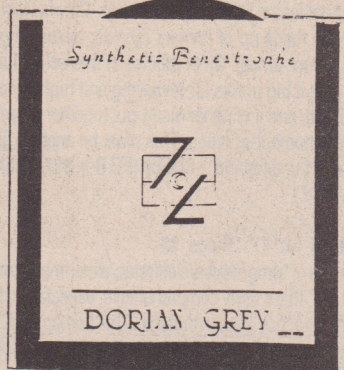
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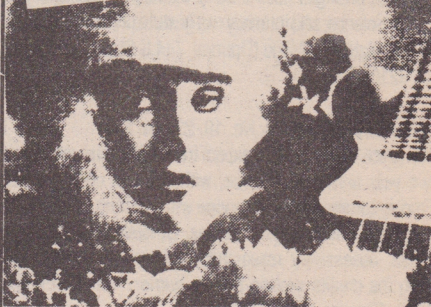
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ZINE REVIEWS



BRYIN ABRAHAM, "Drawings 1990-1991" 16 pgs, no price given.

I'm not sure why we were sent this small bound edition, but the simple graphic style and themes of Abraham's work certainly fit with that of many of the publications we cover. The panels fill nearly the whole (4x6) page, with such images of men with large masks, women with men impaled on spears, murders, complex, painful games, and violins which apparently behead the listener. This brief description doesn't really do them justice, however, because the spare aesthetic arranges itself around themes of hopelessness, social violence, and intimacy in a gesture unrelated to verbal representation. —Mikki (Options, 744 G Street, San Diego, CA 92101)

THE ALTERED MIND, No. 10, 23 pgs, \$2

The grace we've come to expect from *AM* continues in their two year anniversary issue, with a focus on the Inland Empire community: an interview with Nothing Painted Blue and a slew of Shrimper reviews. Ornately conversational prose, obsessively researched reviews, and a calendar; even the credits section has its humor. —Mikki (PO Box 1083, Claremont, CA 91711)

MILK and Cheese, No. 1, 8 1/2 x 11, 28 pgs, \$3.50 ppd At first glance this looks like it would be great. The drawing style is excellent, the characters are hilarious (a carton of milk and a block of cheese who get tough and fight a lot), and the printing is professional. Upon further examination, however, it becomes real clear that the strip is based on a stupid pun and no real storyline. If this guy would go for a collaborative effort (that is, get someone to write good storyline while he sticks to his drawing) then he would have a serious winner on his hands. The concept is there, the

substance isn't. —Evan (543 Van Duzer St., 2nd flr, Staten Island, NY 10304)

EBB! JUNIOR — No. 3, 75pgs, \$3.00

The Journal for the '90s Beatniks returns. Oh what joy. Over half of it is made up of reviews (shows, music, shooting spree, comix, zines). Other articles of interest include Well, I give it big points for reviewing and highly praising Ben Is Dead, and it is rather nicely put together despite the incredible number of typos. This must be another Illinois thing I don't understand. —Shelby (PO Box 397, Skokie, IL 60076-0397)

GODSEND, No. 17, 26 pgs, \$2

A magazine of "progressive/electronic/experimental/industrial music" that's fairly comprehensive, especially considering the poor guy lives in Indiana. This perhaps gives him the free time to obsessively review everything from Crash Worship to the Legendary Pink Dots (though, come to think of it, we had both of them in one issue, too), but since the interviews are exclusively by mail, they lack dynamism and don't read well. Worth a glimpse for the documentation, hopefully there'll be more analysis in future issues. —Mikki (make checks out to Todd Zachritz, 1401 Fuquay Rd., Evansville, IN 47715)

KOAN, No. 4, 11 pgs, \$2

A really uneven issue, finally weighing in on the downside. A dull band interview, an attempt to poke holes at some pretentious LA luminaries (Brett Ellis, NWA), and some excruciating poetry and fiction take up far too much room in this slim volume. Highlights were Julius Dunbar's direct thoughts on race and history (he touches on Lucille Ball and Auschwitz in the space of two paragraphs), Diz Avidad's thought-text on desire, and the fact that they put all the letters they got from famous people in their letters section (we only put ours on the wall). In a magazine this small, editorial mistakes loom large, but so do the flashes of cognizance—caveat emptor. —Mikki (PO Box 18278, Washington DC, 20036-8278)

OFF THE WALL™, No. 2, 12 very large pgs, \$5

A magazine devoted to posters, especially of the "I hung out at the Fillmore and did acid with Bill Graham" variety. This issue mourns the death of Rick Griffin, a well-known and innovative artist who died in 1991. The rest is poster trivia, trading, and events, with a brief look at the Austin, TX "poster scene." For all the rhetoric, the magazine itself is aesthetically uninteresting and unwieldy. There's nothing here I'd want to put on my wall, but I guess that doesn't matter when you're preaching to the converted. —Mikki (1608 South Elliott St., Aurora, MO 65605)

OVO, No. 14, 26 pgs, \$1

It seems that the problem which has been slowly affecting each successive *Ovo* has finally taken over in this, the final issue, on "suffering." While Trevor Blake's themes and concepts are always intriguing ("travel", "science", "suffer-

ing"), they often overwhelm his scope and he retreats into long, poorly contextualized quoted passages from Hakim Bey and other of the cloudier post-modernists. What *Ovo* has often lacked is synthesis and analysis, if not of its subject matter and its contributors, than at least of its own editorial purview (see my review of the "control" issue, BID 17). This issue is a weak end to a magazine we always looked forward to interacting with. Buy back issues and hope that Blake returns with something else soon. —Mikki (c/o Trevor Blake, PO Box 23061, Knoxville, TN 37933-1061)

POOL DUST — No. 13 32pgs, 7 x 8 1/2

Bigger than the last issue I got and they still manage to include manatees into a skate zine! The other copy I had was funnier, but this is packed with photos and road trip stories and an essay on the perils of the music biz. Kind of makes me want to dig that old Santa Cruz board out from under the table and do some boardslides. —Evan (\$50, 5035 11th Ave. NE, Seattle, WA 98105)

THE PROBE, No. 1, 40 pgs, \$2

This is cool. Not cool in the sense of some-sort-of-topical-version-of-Ginn-or-James-Dean-or-whomever-you-want-to-name, but cool like, the-kind-of-people-you-could-call-up-to-go-on-a-picnic-and-you-would-get-to-talk-about-sex-and-art-and-music-and-everything-with-them-and-they-would-tell-you-funny-personal-things-about-themselves-and-people-they-know. For some reason these people (particularly Aaron Muentz, the editor, so cool he has a band named after him) all work at Garlex pizza in Arcata. Now why anyone would make pizza with a name that sounds



like disinfectant, I don't know, but I'm craving it right now just so I can hang out with them. —Mikki (PO Box 5068, Pleasanton, CA 94566)

SHITHAPPY — No. 2, 29 pgs, \$1.50

I love this zine! Local anarchist Adam Bregman takes us on a tour inside his head as he airs his thoughts and feelings on such topics as masturbation, suicide, his parents, destroying the workplace, and the L.A. riots. Written in a sometimes passionate, sometimes witty manner that is always unaffected (with comix interspersed throughout), this zine is great at-work reading that inspires the closet anarchist in me to go out and torch my local collection agency. Hey Adam! Will you marry me (or is that too status quo)? How 'bout just some no-strings sex? —Shelby (11338 Joffe St., L.A., CA 90049)

WIGLET, No. 5, 13 pgs, \$2

Funny letter/diary type accounts of the activities of a small, interesting group of people: Liz, who suffered through a corporate "Laff Olympics," Tammy, who spent a challenging time in Chicago, some engaging pre-teens named Wendy and Laura, and sundry others. Personal, reflective, and often humorous while exposing truths, Wiglet is always painfully honest (even in the fiction) and definitely too modest: "If I was a better writer I could drag this out the way it dragged out for me and make the reader feel the pain." —Mikki (382 Wyandotte Ave., Columbus, Ohio 43202)

VIRGIN MEAT, No. 13, 24 pgs, \$2

A magazine mostly devoted to fiction and poetry in a nearly unreadable typeface. The aesthetic is most closely related to Poe or Wells, with the added trauma of abortion accounts to update the macabre genre. The usual Ace Backwords comics are odd here. —Mikki (2325 W. K-15, Lancaster, CA 93536)

COMING NEXT ISSUE: Reviews of an array of sex magazines.

JAMMING WITH NANCY

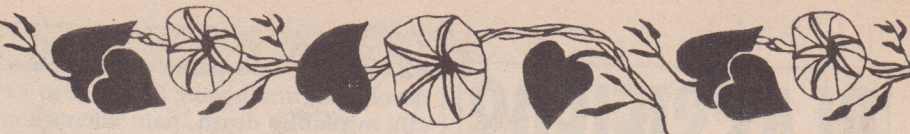
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

it—pretty soon you won't even realize you're crazy. You'll just walk around completely out of your mind and not even know it." I had given her the best advice I had, speaking from experience.

Mac and I then decided to leave the industrial strippers. We figured they wouldn't miss us. Not with two-hundred pairs of peering eyes fixated on their every move. He said he was on the guest list at another show close by. When we arrived, unlike the last gig, this one was deserted. I couldn't decide which of the two was a greater tragedy. I sat down by the stage for awhile and tried to differentiate as the crowdless band continued to play. I came to the conclusion that bands with audiences were tragic in a subtle way—but as we now know subtlety is stupid, and bands without audiences were tragic in an obvious way. I ultimately decided to go with the obvious. The crowdless band needed me more than the industrial strippers did.

Mac and I left the crowdless gig and walked down the Sunset Strip. We passed by the Guitar World Walk of Fame. As I looked down at our feet, it almost seemed as though the Walk of Fame had been paved just for him and I—just so one day we could stand there and look into the glass case at Eddie Van Halen's guitar. And all the others who had stood there before us did just so they could start the tradition. ■

STRESSFUL SITUATION AND HAD PREVAILED. THEY WERE ON A HIGH." —STACY KOON'S DESCRIPTION OF HOW HIS OFFICERS REACTED AFTER THE KING BEATING.



ANGRY WOMEN / HAPPY CAMPERS: A Book Review

BY NINA DENTATA

From a garden of drawings of poisonous flowers blossoms RE/search publications newest edition, *Angry Women*. In the words of the ever-present co-editor/interviewer, the 15 interviews of "16 cutting-edge women performance artists" planted in this text sow nothing less than the "future survival of the planet." But don't expect any eco-vegan-save the whales feminism here; the agenda of *Angry Women* is to subvert that essentialist (read evil) linking of women and nature and pervert all the resultant stereotypes about women being nurturing, beautiful, reproductive, joyful. By doing this, the patriarchal "fascism of labels" that washes our brains and over-simplifies our complex reality into oppositional dualities—male/female; technology/nature; white/black; active/passive; straight/gay; ad nauseum—will be soiled, and out of this dirt, a new paradigm will grow from which we can re-think, reinvent our ailing world. Oh now I see how thematic those sweetly annoying drawings of poisonous flowers lining every page are—a different one for every interview, but they all induce vomiting, diarrhea, paralysis, and death. Isn't that cute, so cleverly concept-coordinated.

Well, actually one interview, that of Avital Ronell, a disseminator of the Derridian deconstruction theory instructing this text's agenda, is in a bed of morning glory which don't have any of those nasty side effects at all, but induce hallucinations when ingested by "thrillseekers." Why do I get the feeling that they're trying to hook us with the partyline on this one? Is it a coincidence that this interview is also the longest and the only one to reveal a photo op with the theorist, interviewer and a flower embracing? Of course, Avital Ronell is not a performance artist but an academic, a critical theorist, a philosophy professor. As a matter of fact six of the 15 interviews contained in this book about cutting edge performance art are not with performance artists at all. So what gives? Do the editors think we wouldn't notice? But maybe, they'd have us think that when a female academic does rigorous German philosophical discourse it becomes art? Is

that because women are essentially more artistic than men? Blurring boundaries, undoing the oppositional logic of academia/art is one thing, but appropriating a term, as well as the work of others, to further your discourse seems like the same injustice of over-simplification this text in theory deplores.

Likewise, the editorial need to assign anger to all the women interviewed. Nothing against anger, I, Nina Dentata, adore hating things myself, but is anger the interviewees' emotion of choice here? *Au contraire*, the level of anger diminishes past the first interview with the very bad ass Diamanda Galas to nil with the program of Annie Sprinkle's sexual love goddess vibes and Susie Bright's affirmation and pleasure in the queer that she is. The female counterpart of the "angry young man" archetype of James Dean in the '50s the editors so want to offer their readers never materializes: only a few are angry, and even fewer are young. What's wrong with calling this a book of interviews with unique performance artists, writers and philosophers of complex emotions? Too much of a mouth full?

There seem to be a lot of things that are too much to swallow for *Angry Women*. It must be because it was half-baked with the Easy Bake Derridian recipe for '80s ladies feminists who don't have time to cook up something really distasteful. Disdaining anything essentialist and getting miffed when someone says "mother nature" has become a Pavlovian dog response. And let me tell you, bitches, it's time to learn some new tricks. Why didn't you try interviewing any young, cutting edge performers from this decade, like Lisa Suckdog, or any musicians at all? An interview with L7 or Bikini Kill would have cut the edge off the musical silence that reverberates through this text. My advice ... next time do your research as well as your RE/search. And your homework assignment—read more BID, get out of San Francisco more often and smile, frown lines don't make you revolutionary. They just make you look as tired as you are.

CLASSIFIEDS

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VIDEO PRODUCER will put your band's video together for broadcast or underground distribution. We work with all types of bands. Send demo to: RobiCam Productions, 5942 Edinger Ave. Suite 113-255, Huntington Beach, CA 92649-17066

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GG ALLIN- *Bleedin', Stinkin', and Drinkin'* cassette only release available now for \$5 (ppd cash only). Four new acoustic songs and interviews from the summer of 1991. 60 minutes in all!! Age statement required. Vinyl Retentive Productions, 312 W. South Ave., Tampa, FL 33603.

YOUNG AND GAY? Lambda Youth Network offers a listing of resources for gay, lesbian, and bisexual youths under 24. State your age and send \$2 and a self-addressed, stamped envelope to Lambda Youth Network, PO Box 7911, Culver City, CA 90233.

CELL 63... New all ages club in San Fernando Valley (20 min. North of Hollywood) looking for bands to book. Please send tapes to 4071 Meadowlark Drive, Calabasas, CA 91302 or call 818/222-4754 ext. 3825 and leave a message.

T-SHIRTS MADE by a new underground silkscreening company, Graphic Assault, catering to the upcoming West Coast bands. For all your silkscreening desires, call 818/222-4754 ext. 3825 or 17120 Rinaldi Street, Granada Hills, CA 91344.

FOR THE BEST in rare, colored vinyl, limited edition, and out of print punk records such as : Stiff Little Fingers, The Dickies, Subhumans, Misfits, and Blitz. Also a great selection of t-shirts, CD's, stickers, and badges. For the big

catalog send two stamps to: Dr. Strange Records, P.O. Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA 91701.

HEAVY MUSIC NATIONAL talking classified. Bands wanted. Bands available. Radio stations and zines addresses. Demos for sale. Fan club info. Video traders. More! Listen to ads or record your own ad. 1-900-72-METAL \$1.49 per minute. (Customer service: 1-213-465-9777)

HEAVY MUSICIANS WANTED and available. Bands like Anthrax are looking for new members. Call for info on the top national auditions for heavy bands. Listen to recorded ads or record your own ad. 1-900-GET-GIGS \$1.49 per minute. (Customer service: 1-213-4665-9777)

METAL ZONE cassette magazine includes interviews with Sepultura, Sacred Reich, complete songs, and lots more. 100 minutes of mayhem. Win a Gibson Flying V! \$5.00 for sample issue. \$24.00 for subscription. Metal Zone, 1861 N. Whitley #2-B, Hollywood, CA 90028.

DIAL-A-SPELL! It's fun, cheap, and confidential! Call 1-900-835-SPEL and leave your name, address, age, and the kind of spell you'd like. A spell designated just for you will arrive in the mail! \$2.00 per minute. Average call lasts two minutes.

DEATBEAT ADVERTISERS

This is a list of advertisers who, for some reason or another, haven't paid up. Usually this list consists of some of our most treasured "supporters" but, for those who can't quite seem to remember to send in the check, even after receiving numerous invoices, this will be just an extra special reminder. A reminder to us all that life, and the "alternative scene" in general, need more than food and water to keep it growing. (Baaarrf). Maybe next time we'll put this list on the first page.

TAANG, MEOW, RETAIL SLUT, TASTEE FREEZE, VINYL COMMUNICATIONS, VINYL SOLUTION, **ALLEY KAT**, **A COMBO OF THREE**, DIONYSUS, MONKEYS TO GO, TRIPLE X, **SHATTERED MUSIC**, and of course **WAX TRAX**.

Names in bold are very overdue! Pay up bums!

Headhunter records

This is a picture of les Paul. O insulted him once.
He said, "Get a Fender" to him.



Still:

Headstart To Purgatory (a compilation)

Olivelawn sophomore jinx cd

drive like jehu cd

hedge hog :: you happy face cd

7- seconds: old school cd

holy love snakes : blossom cd

slap of reality : three lefts make a right cd

rocket from the crypt cd

fishwife: snail killer cd

lost : stumble cd

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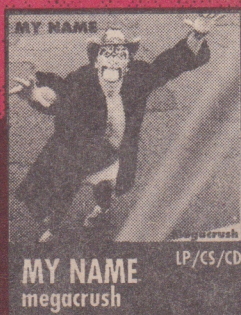
TITILATING!

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LP/CS/CD



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